

NIGHT & MORNING

IN DARK AFRICA

By
Harry Johnson

*With Seventy
Illustrations.*

London Missionary Society



19 ✓
6/2/10



LIST OF VESSELS.

JOHN WILLIAMS (steamship)	{	IN THE
NIUE (lugger)		SOUTH SEAS
HANAMOA (cutter)		AND
					NEW GUINEA.
And many Whale Boats used by Missionaries and Native Teachers.					
MORNING STAR (steel lifeboat)	{	ON LAKE
MARDIE (Berhampur) and TARA (Calcutta)		TANGANYIKA.
GOSPEL BOAT (Amoy)		IN INDIA
					IN CHINA.

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NIGHT AND MORNING IN DARK AFRICA



CARAVAN LEADERS. (*See page 28.*)

NIGHT AND MORNING IN DARK AFRICA

BY

HARRY JOHNSON

(OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S CENTRAL AFRICAN MISSION)

WITH SEVENTY ILLUSTRATIONS

London

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY

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DEDICATED TO
MY THREE CHILDREN
GWENDOLEN, ERIC, AND MOYRA
THE TWO FORMER OF WHOM
WERE BORN AMONGST
THE PEOPLE HEREIN DESCRIBED

PREFACE

IT has given me great pleasure to comply with the wishes of the Directors, that I should write a little book on the people and work of South Tanganyika.

I have tried to keep before me the older collectors amongst our young people, but have also had to bear in mind the needs of the general reader, who desires information about a little-known but interesting people.

The Central African Mission was established in the midst of a savage people, amongst whom Christian Missionaries were the first to settle and pave the way for good government, civilization, and commerce. It therefore presents so many new features that I have experienced a difficulty in deciding what to deal with, and what to leave out, in the brief compass of this book. I make no pretence of giving a history of our Tanganyika Mission.

Much of the book is from personal knowledge and observation, but it was absolutely necessary, at the same time, to give a brief outline of the history of the work herein described. It must be clearly understood that I am not describing the Central African people as a whole. The Continent is so vast, and the customs of the natives so different, that it would be dangerous to generalize. The people I describe are the South Tanganyika natives only, and they are of the Amambwe and Alungu tribes, whom I often speak of as Alungu for the sake of brevity.

The book I fear is full of imperfections, for it has been prepared in haste, and whilst travelling in all parts of the country on deputation work. I therefore ask that it may receive generous treatment at the readers' hands.

HARRY JOHNSON.

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CHAPTER I
OPENING THE DOOR OF DARK AFRICA

"A vision appeared to Paul in the night. There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over in'to Macedonia, and help us."—ACTS xvi. 9.

"I go to open the door into Central Africa."—DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

"There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed."
—JOSHUA xiii. 1.

NIGHT AND MORNING IN DARK AFRICA

CHAPTER I

OPENING THE DOOR OF DARK AFRICA

“PLEASE tell us a lion story.”

Such was a request I received from a company of young people, seated round a cheery fire, in a certain town in the Midland Counties of England.

“Very good,” I replied, “as a lion story will lead me to something further, I will gladly do as you wish.”

Transport yourselves in thought to a wild land of rocky gullies, of picturesque glens, and of vast tracts of jungle. In this land elephants roam, the hyena's cry is heard, and the roar of the ruler of the forest often disturbs the night time.

At the door of a mission station, a number of African natives are talking to a white missionary. They are requesting him to accompany them on a lion hunt, because some of their cattle have been devoured by the king of beasts. David Livingstone, for he is the missionary to whom I refer, takes his gun, and goes off with them to the forest. The lion is traced to his lair, and the natives surround it, to drive it, if possible, into the open.

Almost immediately a fearful roar is heard, reverberating like thunder. A leaping object is seen, and the more timid of the natives are scattering in all directions. The lion is now in the

open, so with care Livingstone points his gun and fires. A glad cry is raised on all sides,—“The lion is shot! The lion is shot!”

Livingstone is calmly reloading his gun, before approaching the fallen enemy, when a shout of alarm is heard. The lion has gathered its remaining strength for a final spring, and has made a leap directly at Livingstone. The lordly brute bears him to the



A NATIVE CAMP.

ground, and seizing him in its powerful jaws, it splinters the shoulder bone, and shakes him as a cat would shake a mouse. A native draws near and hurls a spear at the lion. This attracts its attention, and it leaps towards him. The effort is too great; the shot that Livingstone had first fired takes effect, and the great beast rolls over dead.

The wound in the famous missionary's shoulder was very severe, and he felt its effects all through life. Listen now, whilst I tell you how important that lion's bite was to the British public thirty years later.

Let your imagination carry you far from South Africa, where the lion adventure took place, to an almost unknown portion of Central Africa. Picture some rising ground in a flooded marshy country, south of Lake Bangweolo, in the very heart of the Dark Continent. On this rising ground are several rough huts, built of sticks and grass. It is night, and inside one of the huts a few stalwart Africans are reclining. Most of them are asleep, but one of the number is surely troubled, for sleep refuses to come at his bidding.

Now the early hours of the morning have come; it will soon be dawn. A hurried step is heard, and a black boy looks into the hut and in a mournful voice says, "Come to the Master; I don't know if he is alive." The men immediately rouse themselves, and five of them accompany the youth to a rather larger hut near by. Inside the hut they see an aged man on his knees, by the side of a grass bed. His head is bowed upon his hands, and resting upon the pillow.

Thinking their white master is in an act of devotion, they ask the youth why he has called them. He tells them that when he went to sleep, lying near the door of the hut, he saw the white master at prayer, and having now awakened, some hours later, and seeing him in exactly the same position, he is afraid. One of them advances and touches the kneeling figure upon the cheek. It is quite enough—the form is cold and stiff. David Livingstone has finished his journey. All alone in the centre of the great Continent, far from those he loved, a thousand miles from civilization,

he has breathed his last, praying for poor Dark Africa. The greatest of missionary pioneers has left the weary wanderings of earth for the eternal calm and rest of heaven.

When Livingstone's death became known in the native village called Ilala, the ballad-maker of the district chanted a specially composed funeral dirge to a group of almost naked, black-skinned men



THE OLD BALLAD-MAKER.

and women. The song was in the Awemba language, but translated it would be,—

Tell me, oh tell me !
Where are you going to emigrate to ?
The charmers are lost, the country is ruined ;
For Livingstone is dead.
An elephant is dead from a spear wound.
The lovely one has gone. ¹

Livingstone's faithful followers, after a time of anxious consultation, decided that his body must be conveyed to the coast. For this purpose it was necessary to embalm it. They buried his heart under a

¹ Heard and translated by Dr. Crawford, of Luanza.

spreading *mupunda* tree. Thus the heart that yearned over Dark Africa remains in the centre of the land he loved, and amongst the people for whom he gladly gave his life. In order to mark the tree, one of the black servants, whose name was Muza, but who is known



MRS. JOHNSON, WITH THE INSCRIPTION ON LIVINGSTONE'S TREE.

in England as Jacob Wainwright, stripped the bark off one side of the tree, and engraved deeply into the trunk this inscription:—

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

MAY 4TH, 1873.

MUZA, MNIASERE WCHOPERE.

The last two words are the names of two of the boys who found Livingstone on his knees in the sleep of death.

After the body was embalmed, and wrapped in the disguise of barter-goods, these noble Africans started on a weary journey of over a thousand miles. On they travelled through dreary swamps and lion-haunted forests; through the countries of friends and foes, in scorching heat and pouring rains. Day after day for six long months they carried their sacred burden, and on October 26th, 1873, they arrived with it at the coast near Zanzibar. It was then handed over to the care of white men, and was brought to England.

Now how were Dr. Livingstone's friends and relations to know that the sun-dried, disfigured, almost unrecognizable corpse was truly that of the great traveller? It was identified, and proved beyond all question to be the body of David Livingstone, for a great surgeon, Sir William Fergusson, recognized the special fracture of the shoulder that Livingstone had received when seized by the lion thirty years before.

The body was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey, amongst the nation's most loved and honoured dead. A floral tribute from Queen Victoria, and many others from famous persons, rested upon his coffin. The nation was wrapped in mourning, and around his open grave stood a great company of the highest and best in the land.

The place where Livingstone's heart was buried has been sought for, and the tree has been found. The Royal Geographical Society sent out to Central Africa a fine brass tablet, to be secured to the tree; and this was fixed up at Ilala by a Belgian officer. Some time after a raid was made upon the village by a Swahili slave-trader, known as a Ruga Ruga, who tore down the brass tablet and carried it off as plunder. The probability is that the tablet was immediately cut into small pieces and disposed of as barter-goods amongst the

natives, from whom the Arab would buy ivory and rubber. At the present time a more suitable memorial is being raised to mark the spot where the great missionary's heart is buried. The tree



DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

upon which the inscription was carved by his native attendant is now cut down. In its place is to be built a monument, made of concrete blocks. It will be eight feet square at its base, and

twenty feet high. Upon the top of this pyramid will be erected a bronze cross, with the inscription—

D. L.

1873.

IN MEMORIAM.

A bronze tablet will be securely fixed into the wall of the structure, bearing these words:

DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE,
MISSIONARY AND EXPLORER,

DIED HERE

MAY 4TH, 1873.

But was not David Livingstone a poor working lad? Did he not once earn his bread as a spinner in a factory? Did he not die as a lonely old man in a distant land? Why then did he receive the great honour of resting in Westminster Abbey? Why should the British nation be plunged in grief for him, and erect a monument to his memory? Because David Livingstone was one of her greatest sons. Before his travels Africa used to be an easy map to sketch, for it was only a coast-line, with a few sea-board countries. All the regions of the great interior were practically closed to the peoples of Europe, for they were unexplored and unknown. So little of Central Africa was known to the map-makers of that time that they used to mark across the whole interior, UNEXPLORED, UNKNOWN. Some of them marked it THE GREAT DESERT. This lack of knowledge of the interior of the African Continent led the poet Swift to write:

Geographers in Afric's maps,
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs,
Place elephants for want of towns.

At the present time Central Africa is an open land. Its mountain ranges are clearly defined. Its mighty rivers have been traced. Its vast inland seas have been circumnavigated. Its areas have been mapped. Its territories have been partitioned out amongst the European nations. Its peoples are known, and many of their languages have been acquired. Missionaries are there preaching the Gospel. Travellers are there for scientific research. Traders are there in the interests of commerce. Nearly all these changes have been brought about, directly or indirectly, by the great traveller and missionary explorer, David Livingstone.

He was the first white man to surmount all the difficulties and dangers of the Kalahari desert. He discovered Lake Ngami, and saw large rivers flowing into it. He asked, "From whence do these waters come?"

"Oh," was the reply of the natives, "from a country full of rivers, so many no one can tell their number, and full of large trees."

Here was an emphatic contradiction to the theory of a great desert in Central Africa. Having made this discovery, Livingstone devoted himself largely to the work of a missionary explorer. Not that he gave up being a missionary; he still preached Christ wherever he went. I have one of his letters lying before me while I write. It was penned after he became an explorer, but in it he writes: "*I shall ever esteem the Gospel of Christ as the greatest boon I can confer on the Africans; it is the solace of my own soul, and while devoting myself to opening up the country to the sympathies of Christians, it is only with a view of extending the Kingdom of our Lord more extensively.*"

Livingstone's special work was to open the door of the central portion of the Dark Continent, and so prepare the way for others who should follow. With this in view he crossed the southern

portion of the Continent. He explored the Zambesi and its tributaries, and he searched for and discovered Lake Nyassa. The results of these journeys were made widely known, and the civilized world had given to it a new conception of Central Africa. The old theory of a waterless waste, a wilderness of sand, linking the Kalahari desert of the south with the Sahara desert of the north, was given up, and the true idea of a well-watered, well-wooded, well-peopled continent became generally accepted.

Livingstone's last and greatest journey extended from April, 1866, to his death—a period of seven years. During that time, single-handed, and by his individual exertion, he filled in a great space of the map of Central Africa. He explored the River Rovumi for the second time; he visited Lake Nyassa; he pressed on inland, and was the first white man to visit the southern shores of Lake Tanganyika. He discovered Lake Mwero, and Lake Bangweolo. He explored the countries around each of these lakes, and everywhere found “humanity with souls to be saved, and bodies to be benefited, nations that before had been unknown, numberless people to be lifted out of the depths of superstition and ignorance, and virgin soil into which to cast the seed of the Gospel.”

Since Livingstone did so much work, why have we dwelt upon his death, and the events that followed, rather than upon the work of his life? Because it has been truly said that “the death of Livingstone—his tragic, touching, lonely death on the shores of Bangweolo—did more to start the missions which are now planting churches all over Africa, than all his noble life labours had done.”

We have already seen how, on May 4, 1873, he died, on his knees, in the very heart of Africa. But he had already opened the door of the Dark Continent. His message to the Directors of the London Missionary Society, in 1857, was very prophetic.

He said, "*I go to open the door into Central Africa. It is probable I may die there; but, brethren, see to it that the door is never closed again.*"

The work he set himself to do he accomplished, for by the agency of David Livingstone God has set before the Christian Church and the civilized world "an open door that no man can shut."



SAILING UP THE SHIRÉ TO CENTRAL AFRICA.

CHAPTER II

BEGINNING THE WORK IN DARK AFRICA

"Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."—EXOD. xiv. 15.

"To preach the gospel in the regions beyond."—2 COR. x. 16.

"The end of the Geographical feat is the beginning of the Missionary enterprise."—DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

CHAPTER II

BEGINNING THE WORK IN DARK AFRICA

WHAT excitement! What running to and fro! What a motley collection of well-dressed Arabs, and half-naked natives, all looking in the same direction! What does it mean?

A long caravan is seen, threading its way towards Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, in the very heart of the Dark Continent. It has been



THE CARAVAN APPROACHING UJJI.

unseen until the last few minutes, owing to the trees and the bush growing on the hill-side. Now it has appeared in the open country, where the trees have been cleared away, and is seen making its way, like a winding snake, towards the gazing crowd. What a long procession! Two hundred and twenty-five men in single file! As they travel they sing a strange native song. One man is singing the

verse, and they all join in the chorus. This leader of the singing is a sort of overseer. He is decked out with a very fantastic head-dress, and around his legs are tied a number of small bells, so that as he walks he makes a jingling sound. All the other men are carrying heavy loads. Some of them have boxes on their heads, and some bundles on their shoulders. Others are bearing tent poles, folding-stretchers, and camp baggage of various kinds.

With these native porters are three white men, who, though weary and worn, are looking very happy, for Ujiji is the end of their long journey. You ask, "Who are these men?" They are the pioneers of our London Missionary Society's Tanganyika Mission. They have marched over eight hundred miles, from the east coast of Africa, to reach Ujiji, to raise the standard of the Gospel of Peace on the shores of Lake Tanganyika.

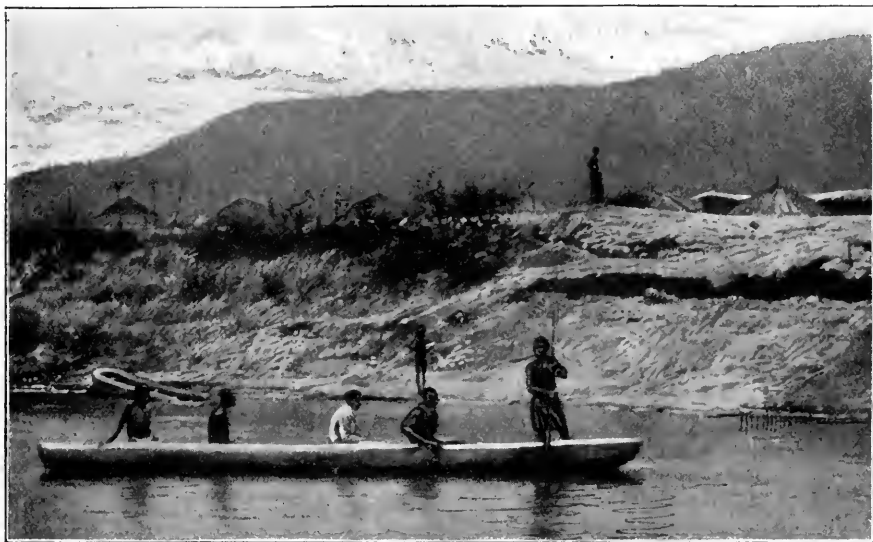
At the beginning of their long journey these missionary pioneers had used carts and wagons, drawn by teams of oxen. This mode of travelling, though a success in South Africa, had proved a failure in Central Africa. Owing to the peculiar conditions of the country, their rate of progress had been only six or seven miles a day, and some days they had advanced less than two miles in the day. Their wagons had stuck in the marshes, had been entirely submerged in deep rivers, and had the wheels knocked off by colliding with huge boulders. Their cattle had caused them many anxious days and sleepless nights, for, owing to the bite of a troublesome fly called "tsetse," and other causes, seventy out of their ninety oxen died within three months of the start of the expedition. The health of the travellers themselves had seriously impeded their march, and caused them much suffering. They had been pursued all the way by fever, ague, dysentery, and many other troubles. They had had to travel on foot through treacherous marshes, dense forests, prickly

jungle, and swollen rivers; but on Friday, August 23, 1878, three out of the party of six who began the journey together, arrived at Ujiji.

This little band had been sent forth because the directors of the London Missionary Society, together with every other section of the Christian Church, had been moved to a great enthusiasm for the evangelization of Dark Africa. Livingstone's discoveries, joined with those of the other noble men who continued his work of exploration, had stirred the Church of Christ almost as the preaching of the Crusades stirred Europe at the close of the eleventh century. The story of Livingstone's death had rung like a trumpet blast through Britain, and the Christian Church had been so awakened to her duty that on every side was heard the cry, "The door of Dark Africa is open; enter in and possess the land." The realization that the prayers of God's people had been answered, and the door of a new continent opened, touched many hearts. Earnest workers looked upon the field, and saw the people groping in the darkness of superstition, sin, and misery, without knowledge of the Gospel, and without a single Christian influence. Livingstone's words, "*The end of the geographical feat is the beginning of the missionary enterprise*," were remembered, and Christian people connected with several missionary societies joined in the holy purpose of sending the light of the gospel to Dark Africa. Hence arose the movement which might be termed the *African Missionary Crusade*, between the years 1875 and 1878.

During that period the Church Missionary Society sent out a pioneer party, including "Mackay of Uganda," to begin work on the shores of the Lake Victoria Nyanza. The Universities' Mission revived its efforts, and under Bishop Steere recommenced work in favourable positions along the River Rovumi. The Church of Scot-

land began work in the Shiré Highlands, and the Free Churches of Scotland started their work, now known as the Livingstonia Mission, along the west coast of Lake Nyassa. The Livingstone Inland Mission (now the American Baptists') and the English Baptist Missionary Society sent workers to the Congo, with a view to extending into the interior, along that vast waterway. The London Missionary Society



CANOE ON THE ZAMBESI.

also responded to the cry for help from Central Africa by establishing a mission on the shores of Lake Tanganyika, in the very heart of the Dark Continent.

To some minds the thought will arise, "Was there room for all these missionary bands?" Yes; for *Central Africa* is equal in size to the whole of Europe. By "*Central Africa*" I mean the portion of Africa made known to us by Livingstone, Stanley, Cameron and other explorers. Africa as a whole is three times the size of Europe. If

we cut off all the northern portion of the continent, down to the southern border of the Great Sahara, and also all South Africa, extending up to the River Zambesi, the central portion that then remains, lying between the Sahara, the Zambesi, the Indian Ocean and the Atlantic is *more than sixty times the size of England*.

Central Africa is not a country, but a continent. Its vast territories are divided up into countries, whose frontiers are defined by great natural boundaries, such as lakes, rivers, and mountain chains; and these borders are well known and recognized by the resident tribes.

In the different countries dwell different nations; some are closely allied to their neighbours, but others are quite distinct peoples. Each nation speaks its own language, is governed by its own king or chief, makes its own special laws, and observes its own peculiar customs.

Just as Europe is made up of many countries, peopled by many nations, so is Central Africa; and amongst these many peoples there is abundant work for all comers. If to each individual missionary an area of one thousand square miles should be apportioned as his district, even working on this scale Central Africa alone would require far more than a thousand missionaries.

In this little sketch we are not going to follow all the missions in Dark Africa. We shall only look at the establishment and growth of that one planted on the shores of Lake Tanganyika. We have seen the first party of three white men approaching Ujiji, the chief settlement on that inland sea. Their task of reaching the place had been a heavy one, for they had occupied thirteen months on the journey. When they started they were six in number; two, however, had withdrawn from the mission without reaching Tanganyika, and one was still toiling behind, to bring along some of the goods that had been delayed on the way.

Let us now take a leap in time, and look at the same district three years later. Some good work has been done, for three mission stations have been established—one at Ujiji, east of the lake, one at Mtowa, on the west coast, and a third at Urambo, in the Unyamwezi country. The first pioneers have been reinforced by two other parties, each consisting of three workers. Thus twelve men altogether had been sent out to this Central African Mission. Of these one had died, worn out by the difficulties of the way, without looking upon Tanganyika. Three had died at the Lake without getting into actual mission work. Some were broken down in health, and others became discouraged by the seemingly impossible task before them, and retired from the work. Thus, within three years of the arrival of the first party at Tanganyika, four deaths had occurred and five workers had retired from the field. Captain Hore, who was a member of the first party, was back in England superintending the building of a steel lifeboat, the *Morning Star*, so only two workers were really in the field.

The losses sustained in the work were a great trial to the faith of the directors, and their hearts were heavy. But realizing that it was God's work, undertaken at His command, they equipped a fourth party of eight new workers to go with Captain Hore in 1882. While this new expedition was on its way out a fresh disaster had occurred in the field. Of the two men supposed to be "holding the fort," one had died from a gunshot wound, and the other had started on his way home. Trouble followed upon trouble. The new party had no sooner arrived in the country than death and sickness began to thin their ranks. Within eighteen months of their arrival three were dead, and one had retired.

Another party of reinforcements left England in 1884, intending to travel by the new route, *via* the Zambesi, Shiré, and Lake Nyassa.

They started from the coast full of hope, but when they were travelling up the Quaqua River they were stopped and turned back, on account of fighting that was going on amongst the natives a little ahead. Their journey had been made in leaky boats, so that nearly all their goods had been damaged, and they arrived back at the coast in a deplorable condition. One of their number, broken by disappointment and ill health, returned to England ; but the others tried again, and after many difficulties and adventures, arrived by various ways at the sphere of their labours on Tanganyika.

Let us now glance at the work as it stood at the end of ten years, that is in the year 1887. Up to this time the history of the Mission is a long record of deaths, retirements, disasters and disappointments. The workers sent out numbered twenty-three, of whom ten had died, nine had retired or been invalided from the work, and four were still at work making a noble effort " to give light to those that sat in darkness."

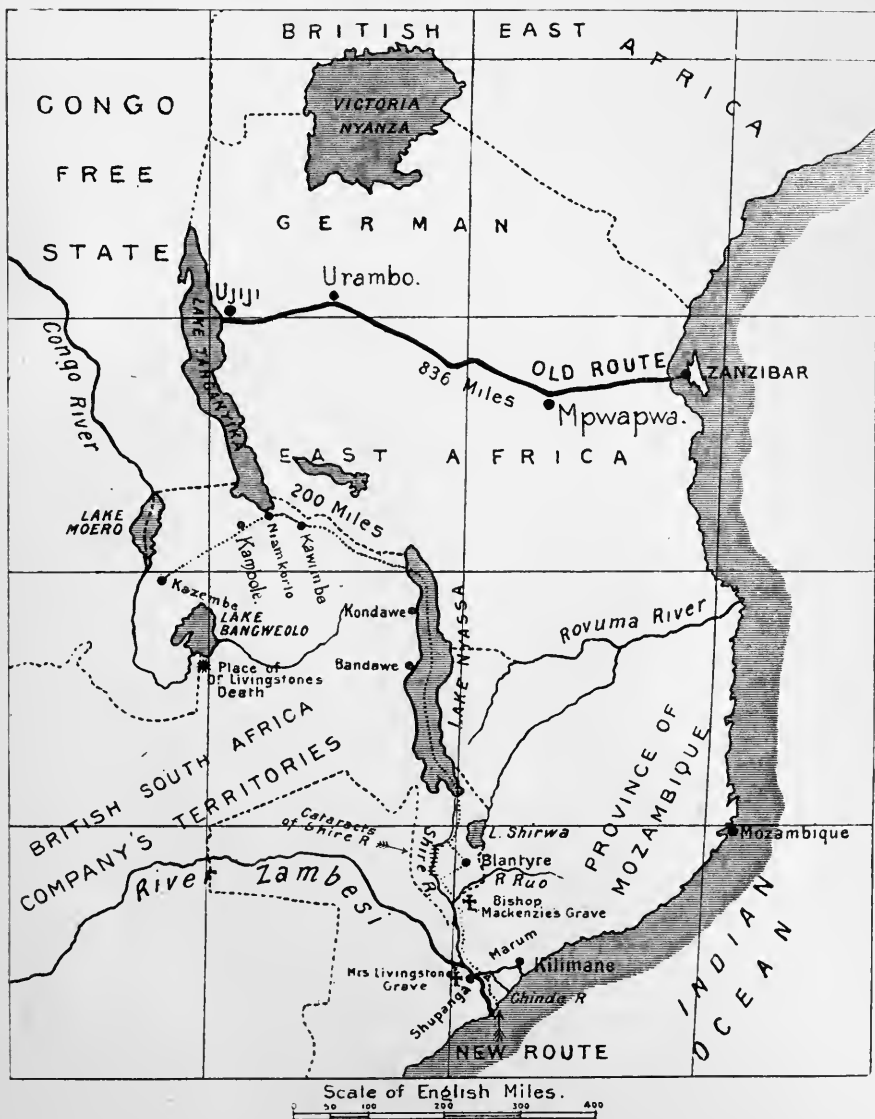
The stations were a little changed. Ujiji had been abandoned for several years, and Kavala Island was now the head mission centre. Urambo was prospering, but Mtowa had only a struggling existence. The spiritual results accomplished were little, for the missionaries had innumerable difficulties to face. The Arabs were very numerous and their power was great ; and as Mohammedan influence is always hostile to Christianity, all sorts of obstacles were placed in the way of the Christian teachers. Slavery was rampant, and often "school children, as soon as they had learned a little, were seized and sold, fetching a higher price on account of the education the missionaries had given them." The climate had proved exceedingly trying, so that only men with an iron constitution seemed able to bear the strain of the work.

At this time, in 1887, the Rev. Picton Jones, accompanied by his

wife, started a new station at the south end of Lake Tanganyika, where it was believed better conditions prevailed. This new station was at a village called Fwambo, about fifty miles south-east of the lake, on a highland known as the Nyassa-Tanganyika plateau. After a year's experience it was clearly demonstrated that several great advantages were to be gained by working at this southern end. It was much more healthy, probably because at a higher elevation. Arab influence was not strong, and therefore the missionaries could get into more direct and personal contact with the natives. Moreover, instead of the long weary march of over eight hundred miles from the coast to Ujiji, those living at the south end of Tanganyika had a much easier communication by means of the Zambesi-Shiré and Nyassa route.

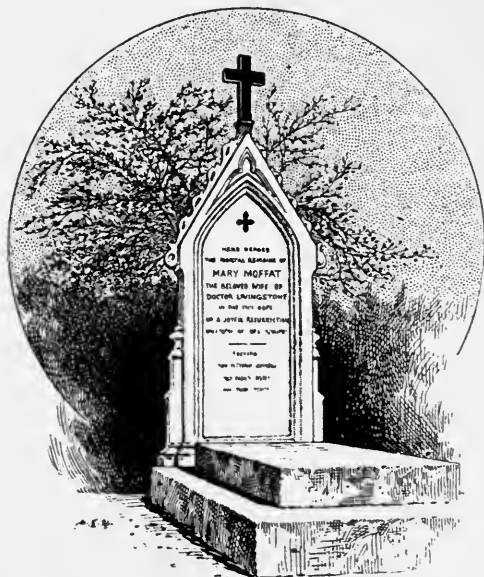
The value of this route was first pointed out by Dr. Livingstone, and its advantages have now been so clearly recognized that since 1889 the Zanzibar-Ujiji route has been abandoned by the Mission, and all reinforcements travelling from the coast to Tanganyika use the rivers and lakes as far as possible. As this waterway is likely to be for many years the highway to our sphere of work, it will be well to say something about the journey.

The first missionaries to use the Zambesi waterway, entered by the Quaqua River and joined the Zambesi at a place called Mazam, about ninety miles from the mouth of the river. But some years ago a better entrance was found by what is known as the Chinde mouth of the Zambesi delta; this mouth gives a direct entrance into the river from the ocean steamer. We may travel up the Zambesi in a house boat or a river steamer, as we please. When we have gone about a hundred miles, we reach Shupanga, a spot sacred to all lovers of missionary work. At this place, on the right bank of the river, Dr. Livingstone, on April 27, 1862, buried his loving wife. On visit-





ing her grave, we found she had been buried under a giant baobab tree. The spot is marked by a headstone, surmounted with a small



MRS. LIVINGSTONE'S GRAVE.

cross. What a witness that silent stone is to the devotedness of a true Christian lady! Well might the poet write,—

¹ Shine out, white cross, shine out amid the gloom,
The mental gloom of that benighted land!
Be the wild radiance of that lonely tomb
A warning beacon, and a guiding hand.

At this point the Zambesi is about three-quarters of a mile broad, and is dotted with small islands, the haunts of many birds and reptiles.

¹ Lines from Adams' *Life of David Livingstone*.

After leaving Shupanga, we travel about another fifty miles to the confluence of the Shiré with the Zambesi. The Shiré River carries off the overflow waters of Lake Nyassa, and after a course of about three hundred and fifty miles pours itself into the Zambesi about a hundred and fifty miles from the sea. We turn up the Shiré River and follow its winding course for about eighty miles to the junction of the River Ruo. This is an interesting place, for a great lover of the Dark Continent is buried here. On the bank of the River Ruo, near its mouth, rest the mortal remains of Bishop Mackenzie, who died whilst making an effort to establish a mission on the River Shiré. He was buried under an acacia tree, and the spot is marked by an iron cross, surmounted by a crown.

Continuing our journey, we travel up the river another eighty miles to Katunga, a native town at the foot of the Murchison Cataracts. These are a series of falls, caused by the peculiar elevations of the surface of Africa into terraces or plateaus, rising from the coast towards the centre. Owing to this all rivers rising in the interior must make a great descent to reach the level of the Coast Country and the ocean.

After Katunga, during the next forty miles the Shiré River makes a descent of one thousand three hundred feet, so that for about fifty miles the river is unnavigable. At Katunga, therefore, all goods must be unshipped and carried overland on the heads of natives for a distance of seventy miles.

The traveller, when going overland, round the cataract region, has an opportunity to visit the Mission of the Church of Scotland, begun in 1876. Their chief centre is Blantyre, so named in honour of Livingstone's birthplace. Here a splendid work has been done amongst the Yao and Mananga tribes. From Blantyre we journey overland to the Upper Shiré; then again by house boat or river steamer



RAPIDS ON THE SHIRÉ.

for a hundred miles to the south end of Lake Nyassa. Here we tranship from the river boat to a small screw steamer that plies up and down Nyassa in the interest of a trading company.

Going up Lake Nyassa, we pass the Mission of the Free Church of Scotland. At a number of centres they have exceptionally successful work going on, amongst the Atonga and Angoni tribes. The latter people were a very fierce war-loving race, but a great change has taken place and hundreds of them are now baptized believers.

We travel up Lake Nyassa for about three hundred miles, the

journey occupying about a week. We land at Karonga, near the north end of the lake, and here our overland journey begins.

Our goods must now be portioned out amongst native porters, to be carried across country to Tanganyika. A fifty to fifty-six pound box will be a man's load, but anything between sixty and ninety



MR. AND MRS. JOHNSON AT DINNER ON THE MARCH.

pounds will be a load for two men. Our march will lead us through the countries of several tribes, but as they are kindred peoples, having languages that are but dialects of a common stock language, it is possible to converse with the people right across the plateau. The journey to our first station, Kawimbe, can be accomplished in from ten to fourteen days, as the distance is not more than two hun-

dred miles. Should we, however, be travelling to Mbereshi, our most westerly station, we should be more than four weeks on the march, as it is nearly four hundred miles across country from Karonga.

If my young readers will look over the map of the journey from the coast to Tanganyika, (p. 35) they will see how much easier the Zambesi-Nyassa route is than the old Zanzibar-Ujiji road.



SMOKING A NATIVE PIPE.

When the several advantages of improved health, freedom from Arab obstruction, and easier communication with the coast, were seen to be enjoyed by those working at the south end, the old, almost fruitless, stations at Mtowa and Kavala Island were given up, and all the workers were transferred to the districts at the southern end. This new sphere might be truly called "Livingstone's Land." He was the first

white man to visit these parts, and here he sojourned, on one occasion, for a space of three months in a native town called Kitimbwa. He passed through these tribes on three separate occasions, and is well remembered to this day by the old people.

The traditions of the great white traveller "Nglezi" (Livingstone) are still passed on from father to son in the land of his death. In the districts where he travelled, exploring the rivers and lakes, a song has survived, and has been heard even in recent times, of which the following is a translation :

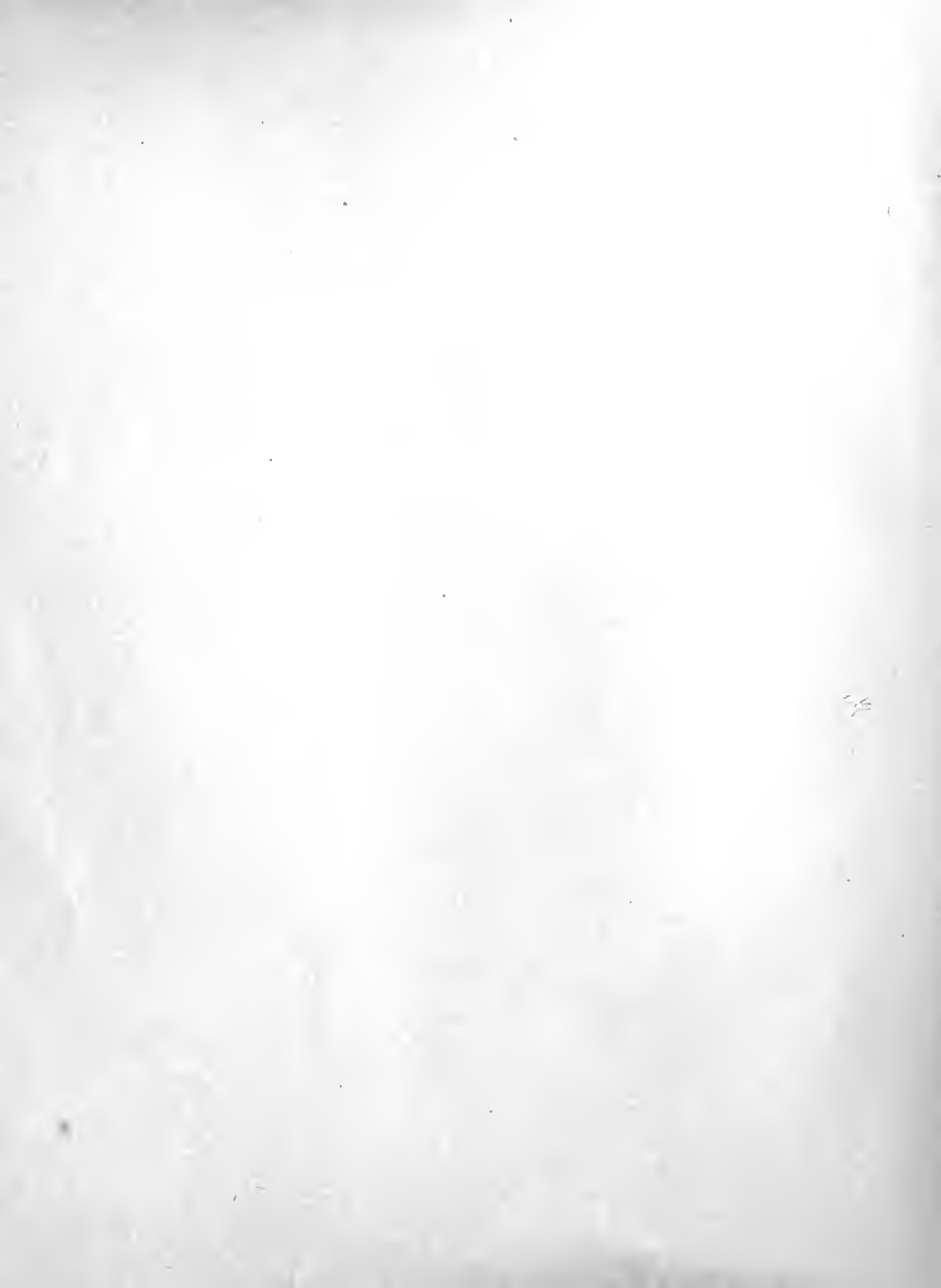
A welcome to Livingstone,
Who lives upon the waters,
Welcome, oh welcome,
The man who has no toes,
The man who has no toes.

The last two lines refer to the fact that Livingstone wore boots, so that his toes were not seen !

The country at the south end of Tanganyika is called MAMBWE and ULUNGU. Ulungu stretches along the whole south shore of the lake, and has a coast line of nearly a hundred miles. Mambwe is the plateau-country to the south-east of Tanganyika, hence to the east of Ulungu. The people dwelling in these regions are known as Alungu and Amambwe. They are related tribes, having branched off into distinct peoples about sixty years ago. Formerly the Alungu were very strong under a great chief named Tafuna ; but he divided the country into districts, and gave the districts to his four sons, each of whom became a small chief on his own account. In this way the strong national life was lost, and the country became full of small chiefs and headmen, always ready to quarrel with each other. This national weakness prepared the way for their enemies, and so when Livingstone was in the district he found the Alungu and Amambwe people very hard pressed by slave-hunting tribes.

It was to this country, Livingstone's Land, that the workers from Mtowa and Kavala Island were transferred. Instead of their new effort being considered a continuation of their former labours, it ought to be regarded as a new work. They were amongst a different tribe, speaking a distinctly new language, and living under different conditions from those of the north of Tanganyika.

The story of the work at the south end is a record of growth, and to some extent prosperity and encouragement ; but before considering it, we must look at the social and spiritual darkness hanging over the land where the new work was established.



CHAPTER III

NIGHT-TIME IN DARK AFRICA—SLAVERY
AND TRIBAL-WARS

"Break every yoke, let the oppressed go free."—ISA. lviii. 6.

"To give liberty to the captive; to set at liberty them that are bound."—LUKE iv. 18.

"He shall speak peace unto the heathen."—ZECH. ix. 10.

"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace."—ROM. x. 15.

"Slavery, the open sore of the world."—DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

CHAPTER III

NIGHT-TIME IN DARK AFRICA—SLAVERY AND TRIBAL-WARS

“**G**IVE me anything the value of two shillings, and the boy shall be your property.” The words were spoken by an Arab slave dealer to a missionary on Tanganyika, not far from the Mission Station at Mtowa. The Arab was the owner of a number of slaves who were to be ferried across the lake, and he had been looking them over to see if any of them were sick, and not worth the trouble of conveyance. He had picked out from the gang a half-starved boy named Kalulu, and it was concerning this poor slave boy, who afterwards became the first Christian convert of the Central African Mission, and is now our finest evangelist, that the words recorded at the beginning of the chapter were spoken.

The early missionaries on Lake Tanganyika, from the first day of their arrival, saw something of the extent and wickedness of the slave trade. A public slave market had been held at Ujiji, the chief Arab settlement on the lake, up to the very day of the missionaries' entrance into the town; but the day of their arrival it was closed. Although the market for slaves was no longer open, the missionaries knew that week by week caravans of slaves passed through the district,—men with forked sticks upon their necks, women with heavy fetters, and children tied together with ropes. These unhappy

creatures had been hunted like wild beasts, treated worse than cattle, and were being ferried across the lake as human chattels. The slave traffic created one of the greatest difficulties the early missionaries



A SLAVE-RAIDER.

had to face. They were entirely at the mercy of the Arabs, and therefore for the sake of self-preservation had to avoid any hostile demonstration against the slave trade.

Not alone at the north end of Tanganyika was slavery the curse of the people. The missionaries who have laboured at the south end of the lake have seen abundant evidence of this nefarious traffic. Dr. Livingstone, when staying at Kitimbwa, a few miles from where our Kambole station is now located, saw a poor woman and child amongst the slave captives. The boy was about three years old and seemed a mother's pet. His feet were sore from walking in the sun. He was offered for sale for four yards of unbleached calico, and his mother for two yards. He understood it all, and cried bitterly, clinging to his mother. She had no power to help him, so they were torn apart. At this same town of Kitimbwa, says Livingstone, slaves were sold in the most open way. The master would walk about the village, calling out the price of the slave, who walked just behind him.¹

To reach our present sphere of work at the south end of the lake, we march across the Nyassa-Tanganyika plateau, for a distance of from two hundred to four hundred miles, according as our destination is Kawimbe, our nearest, or Mbereshi, our most distant mission station. This journey, thirty years ago, would have been through a well-peopled country, dotted with villages on every side; to-day it is almost uninhabited. The country used to be cultivated and productive garden ground; it has now relapsed into bush and jungle. Such are the effects of the slave trade which meet us as we journey to our sphere of work.

It is not only the slave trade of the Arabs, black as that has been, that has caused Dark Africa to bleed almost to death. In the South Tanganyika regions, where our work is established, the frequent tribal and inter-tribal wars, accompanied often by ruthless massacres, have, together with the slave trade, caused a moral midnight to hang over the people.

¹ Livingstone's *Last Journal*, vol. i. p. 222.

The tribes chiefly responsible for this condition of things are called *Awemba*. They inhabit the western regions of the Nyassa-Tanganyika plateau, and all the land enclosed by the river Chambezi stretching away to Lakes Bangweolo and Mweru. The Awemba are fond of fighting, and have grown up in the atmosphere of war. Years ago they had all the fighting they desired in repelling the con-



AN AWEMBA WARRIOR.

stant attacks of the *Mazitu* or *Angoni-Zulus* on their south-eastern border. About thirty years ago they grew so strong in war that the Angoni warriors found them too formidable an enemy, and therefore ceased to raid their country. The Awemba, no longer needing to fight on the defensive against their old enemy, turned their attention to aggressive warfare upon their neighbours of the north

About this time, Arab slavers visited their country and by offers of

guns, powder, calico, beads, and other trade goods, in exchange for slaves, gave them an additional motive for raiding the neighbouring territories. Ulungu, Mambwe, and Fipa, have as a consequence been



A YOUNG AWEMBA.

so harried that the people dwelling there have been in constant fear of death. The Alungu in particular were so constantly plundered that they began to neglect the ordinary occupations of life, for if they made a clearing in the forest to make a garden, they might have to flee from

that locality before they had put in the seed. If they had cleared the land and put in the seed, it might be they would not be spared by their raiding neighbours to reap the harvest. If, however, they did reap and store the crop, and accumulate a few useful articles, their prosperity might attract attention and bring down a marauding party upon them. How dark was the night, and how full of anxiety to the peace-desiring natives, may be seen by the following extract from a missionary's journal.

Mr. Carson, describing a journey in the year 1894 through the Saisi Valley, where we have now a good work established, wrote:—"Hearing on the way to Kera's village that the people would be dreadfully alarmed by the approach of strangers, I went with the chief, who had accompanied me from the last village, ahead of the caravan to disarm their fears. As soon as we came in sight of the village a lively scene presented itself; the people were evidently prepared to resist an attack. The ant hills in front of the stockade were covered with dusky warriors, many of them with great bunches of feathers on their heads, and all armed with bows and arrows, and carrying shields made of skins. Men were hurrying out of the stockade to join those on the field, men and women were running to the village from the gardens, and herds of cattle, sheep and goats were being driven in. There was hurry and hot haste. We were pretty close upon them before they recognized their chief and abandoned their war-like preparations. Immediately they rushed down from their positions on the ant hills, and rose up from their places of ambush with shouts of joy. So great was their relief to find we were not a marauding party! They formed a line on either side of us, and clapping their bows on their shields, they escorted us to the village as though we had been conquering heroes."

For evidence of the devastating influence of tribal wars and slav-

ing, we have not to go far from our centres of work. When moving around our districts we constantly come across old dykes or moats that show where a village once stood, and when the natives are asked what these things mean, they will reply, "A large and flourishing village stood here a few years ago." When asked where the village



A VILLAGE RAIDED BY THE SLAVERS.

is now, and where the people are, there is but one reply: "Village raided by Awemba, the people killed or taken for slaves."

As recently as December, 1895, the people on our Kambole station were thrown into a state of great excitement by the unsuspected and cowardly attack of an Awemba chief, named Mpondi (*see p. 55*), on the village of Kitimbwa, two miles from the mission station. About ten

o'clock in the morning, when many of the men were out of the village, the Awemba rushed upon it in force. The people made a good defence until their chief fell dead, when a panic seized them. The men dropped their weapons and fled, some to the woods and others to Kambole for safety. During the afternoon the Rev. Picton Jones kept the gate of the Mission premises open, and a continuous procession of women, children and wounded men sought refuge at the Mission.

That night the enemy were encamped in the neighbourhood, and there was great fear lest they should attack Kambole. However, on the following day they marched off, carrying with them ivory, powder, cloth, and cattle as plunder, with over a hundred women and children as prisoners of war, to become the slaves of the conquerors, and eleven heads to decorate the stockades of their villages.

Can you picture this scene? I think not, for it is hard for those who live in a peaceful Christian land to imagine the destruction of growing crops, the ruin of flourishing villages, the firing of gathered corn, the slaughter and the pillage of such a raid as this. How dark indeed is poor "dark Africa," and how greatly in need of the messengers of the Prince of Peace!

The amount of terror the Awemba inspired amongst the Alungu cannot be realized. They became so timid that whenever a rumour of the gathering of any section of the Awemba reached their ears, they were afraid to leave the village, and when they attended Divine Service in the Mission Compound, they brought their spears, bows and arrows and other weapons, and piled them in the porch of the church, ready for use at a moment's notice.

After the Mission had been established some years amongst the Amambwe-Alungu people, the British Government opened a Government station in the neighbourhood, and the power of the Awemba has since been broken. The first time they came into conflict with a white

man was in 1893. In July of that year, they started off on one of their marauding expeditions. They passed the mission stations at the south end of the lake, and entered the Fipa country, laying waste the land. All the men whom they met they slew, and carried off all the women and children as prisoners, to be sold to the Arabs as slaves.



THE CHIEF MPONDI.

In this expedition they are said to have been led by Kitimkoro, their paramount chief, and with him were about five thousand warriors. They had attacked, plundered and destroyed nine Fipa villages, and left behind them the silence of death, with nothing but charred stakes to show where populous villages formerly stood.

After this they came to a village called Nondo, where a German explorer, Major von Wissman, had that day made his camp. His party consisted of two white men, sixty Soudanese soldiers and two field pieces. He warned the Awemba of what it meant for them to fight, armed only with their spears, bows and arrows, against a white man's party armed with rifles and machine guns; but they were ignorant of his power and refused to turn back. The Awemba attacked the village, and Wissman, with the first volley, killed twenty of them. This gave them such a surprise that they quickly withdrew from the Fipa country.

The British South Africa Company, under whose aegis this region has recently been placed, has stationed a few white men at different points on the Tanganyika Plateau to prevent tribal wars and raids and to intercept any slave caravans passing through this district. As a consequence, tribal wars are fewer in number and many slaves have been freed. The Administration Agent at the midway station (now called Fife) captured and liberated the slaves of *four* slave caravans in as many months in 1896. All these had come from the Awemba country. At the same time he had notice of six other slave caravans ready to leave Luemba when the Arabs thought they could slip across the plateau without being caught. These Administration Officials having freed large numbers of children whose parents were killed, or could not be found, have handed some of them over to the care of the Mission. The Society has therefore quite a number of orphaned and homeless slave children forming a family at our Mission Stations. From the experiences of these little ones I am going to relate how those free-born in Central Africa may be made slaves.

Martha, our oldest slave girl, lived not far from Kazembe, where we have now opened a Mission Station. At sunset of the day before her capture, everything was quiet in the village and every one seemed

to have a sense of security. The women were busy pounding grain, or making the native porridge for the evening meal. The boys were bringing in the flocks from the pasture. Some of the men were sitting together smoking the sociable pipe. Near by, one was softening the skin of an antelope, another was repairing his game net, and yet another was plaiting some grass to make a mat. Martha was



MRS. PURVES AND RESCUED SLAVES.

playing outside her mother's hut with a little friend. Shortly after sunset, the gate was barred for the night. The evening meal was then partaken of, and a dance by the young people was enjoyed, after which a deep silence settled over the village. A loud war cry and the clash of weapons shortly before the dawn alarmed the villagers, and the men rushed to their arms. Too late! The invaders were in posses-

sion; the men were speared, and the women and children were secured as prisoners.

Martha thus became a little slave in a neighbouring village. One day her mistress was angry with her and she was to be severely punished. Fearing an unmerciful beating, she fled. For three days she wandered in the forest, sleeping in the trees at night to escape the wild beasts. On the third day she was found by a native, who brought her to the mission station, and she was placed under the care of Mrs. Purves. She has since been taught, both in the school and in the home, and has made good progress. She is now married to one of our most promising Christian teachers.

Mary, the next in age, was playing one day outside the village where she had been born. She was soon tired of playing alone. So she watched the women returning from the gardens with baskets of food or loads of firewood upon their heads, and their babies strapped in a skin upon their backs. Having nothing more to amuse her, she wandered a little distance from the village, when a stranger appeared before her. He suddenly seized little Mary and placed his hand over her mouth lest she should cry out and attract the attention of any of the villagers. He hurried her away a long distance and disposed of her quickly to an Arab slave dealer. No doubt his reason for carrying her a long distance and selling her at once was because he dare not keep her about his place for long, for some person might recognize the child and send the parents to claim her. Neither dare he sell her in the immediate neighbourhood, for that would have led to his immediate detection, and would have brought Mary's father and a number of his friends down upon him to take a deep vengeance. Happily the caravan in which she was being marched away to the coast was stopped by an administration official, and Mary was set free and handed over to the care of our mission, as the whereabouts of her friends could not be ascertained.

To show with what impunity this kidnapping for slavery used to be done, I may mention that outside a village near Kambole, a woman was working with her child, when a strange man came up and seized the little one. The woman followed after her child, which was evidently what the man expected, as by this means he would get both mother and child. As they were passing close by our mission station at Niamkolo, the woman had the good sense to rush into our village and tell the people what had happened. A rescue party was formed, and the man was followed for a long time. At last, finding himself closely pressed he abandoned the child in a native village and fled, and so the little one was recovered and restored to its mother. The kidnapper left behind him another child also, which he had seized from another village. This little one lived at the Mission for some time, until the mother, hearing where the child was, made herself known and claimed her little daughter. Concerning kidnapping, Cardinal Lavigerie wrote in 1890: "Things have reached such a pass in the vicinity of the great lakes that now every woman or child that strays ten minutes' walk away from their village has no certainty of ever returning to it."

Maggie, another member of our slave family, became a slave through the agency of one of her relations. It is not quite clear what part they played in the transaction, but it is probable she was enslaved owing to an accident, a crime, or a debt of her parents or her guardian. This may sound strange, but in Central Africa if two parties have a dispute and it is carried to the native chief for settlement, the one party may be ordered to pay over to the other a girl or a boy as recompense for the injury received, or as settlement of the debt. This is transferring real property, and the child so transferred becomes the slave of the person or family receiving her. Such a slave may be taken in as a member of the household, or on the other hand

she may be treated as an alien, and be made the drudge of the household. Or even worse, the party receiving her may sell her into some other family, or to an Arab slave dealer, who will march her with many others in a caravan towards the coast. Little Maggie was an example of the last. She was born free, was handed over to some other family to settle a dispute or debt, and then evidently was sold to an Arab, for



SWEMA, A RESCUED SLAVE, WITH
MR. JOHNSON'S LITTLE GIRL.

an administration officer stopped a caravan with a large number of slaves in it, and amongst the number was our little friend.

Our other slave children have each an interesting history, but I think these three cases give us an insight into some of the ways by which freeborn natives have become slaves. It is by these several means of barter, kidnapping, and raiding that the Arab and Swahili

traders have been in the habit of accumulating slaves up-country, and by various devices smuggling them to the coast.

At Kambole I have seen the tears coursing down the cheeks of an African mother, as she related how, in an Awemba raid, her children had been snatched from her arms and from her side to be carried off into slavery. We have now living at our Mission Settlements many peaceful villagers, whose homes have been destroyed, and whose wives and little ones have been made prisoners of war and slaves. I myself, when crossing the Tanganyika plateau, once saw a caravan of poor miserable captives, in marching order, with iron rings round their necks, and a heavy chain passing from victim to victim. This caravan belonged to an Arab, but it was stopped by a British official and the slaves were set free. God grant that the time may soon come when there will be no need for the exhortation: "*Break every yoke, let the oppressed go free,*" when all mankind shall have believed the teaching of Jesus, and have thereby learned the great lesson of the true brotherhood of man.

CHAPTER IV

NIGHT-TIME IN DARK AFRICA—RELIGIOUS
IDEAS

"Canst thou by searching find out God?"—JOB xi. 7.

"The idols of the heathen . . . are the work of men's hands."—PS. cxxxv. 15.

"The idols have spoken vanity, and the diviners have seen a lie."—ZECH. x. 2.

"How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard?"—ROM. x. 14.

CHAPTER IV

NIGHT-TIME IN DARK AFRICA—RELIGION

AN eager company of black-skinned boys and girls stood around my tent one day, near a native village named Kaulwe, close to the River Lovu and about ten miles from Tanganyika. A few



CAMPING FOR THE NIGHT.

yards distant from me and from the crowd, I espied a curious wooden figure fixed securely into the ground. The upper portion of this figure was carved to resemble the image of a man, and from its base a large horn of a roan antelope was protruding. I took

two of my dusky friends by the hand and offered them a few beads as a present if they would tell me what this curious thing was supposed to be.

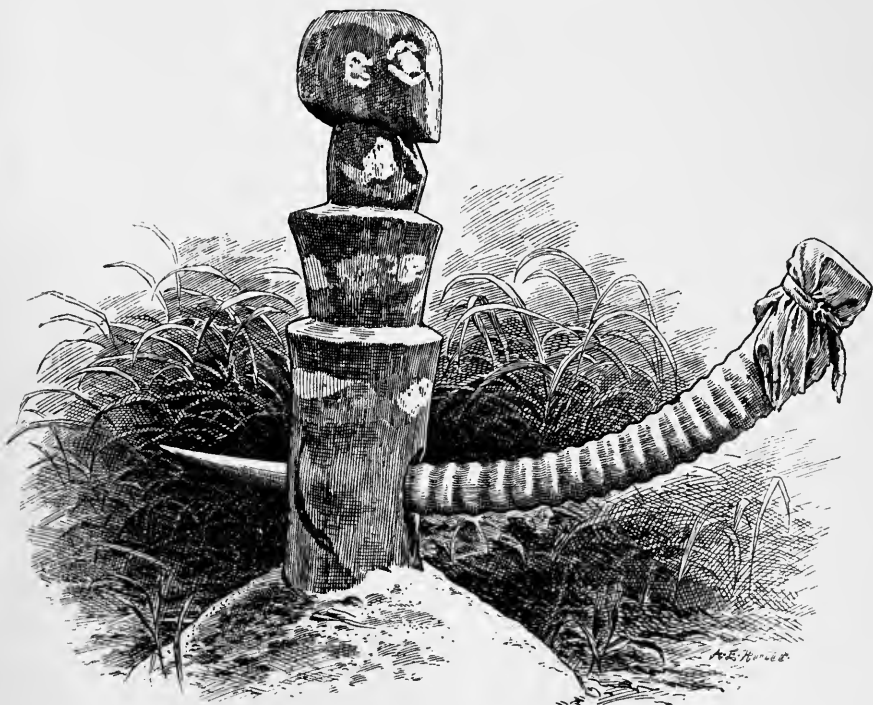
"That is *Kisipa*, the great fetish idol to guard our village from the attacks of leopards and lions and hyenas," said one of my companions, and straightway he began to give me its history.

The village, he said, had been troubled by visits from a leopard, and the roar of a lion had been heard in the neighbourhood. The people were in great terror, not knowing how to defend themselves. In their fear they had sent for a witch-doctor to erect this image and to make magic, and place it in the horn protruding from the base of the fetish-idol. The magic consisted of black grease, over which the medicine man had muttered an incantation, and this was supposed to give supernatural power to the image.

The thought will naturally arise in many minds—why did not the people of Kaulwe ask God to protect them? It was because they have no idea that He will listen to their prayers. There is no Atheism in Central Africa. God's *existence* is universally recognized. But the people have no conception of God as a Protector, or as a Father. The Central African's idea of God is that there is a supreme spirit, whom they call "*Mulungu*." *Mulungu* is the Creator Spirit who made the world, and who made on the earth man, animals, trees, plants, and all things that exist. Their idea of Him, however, is of no help or comfort to them, for the name is the only thing they know of Him. If asked about *Mulungu*, they will say something like this: "A blind man only knows what he holds in his fingers." That is to say, as the blind man can only know of such things as he can handle, so are all men in matters relating to *Mulungu*. If they could see, or hear, or touch Him, they think they might know of Him; but because God cannot be seen or handled, they think they cannot

be other than like the blind man "groping blindly in the darkness."

One night I was talking to an old man named Fataki, and asked him why, since the black man had learned there was a God, could he not learn from the same source something more of Him? Fataki replied, "Because the *outside* is very far away."



KISIPA, AN ALUNGU FETISH.

His thought was that the horizon is a boundary between the *inside* and the *outside* of the world. Man is a creature *in* the world, shut in by the great circular belt of sky we call the horizon. Mulungu, the maker of the world, is outside the thing He has made. Now this old native knew by experience that the horizon is very distant, for,

though it appears to rest on the neighbouring hill, if you travel to that elevation it is on the hill beyond. He knew that days and weeks, even months of travelling in any direction, would bring the horizon no nearer. So he regarded it as unapproachable. If, then, man cannot come near to the horizon, how can he come near to, or know the character of, God who is beyond the boundary? To the Central African it is an impossibility.

This idea, that the Great Spirit Mulungu is unapproachable, is almost universal in Central Africa. It is confirmed by other native sayings, such as "*Kutari tari sile pali Leza*,"—"It is only far to God," or "It is only far where God is."

This, then, was why the natives of Kaulwe could not look to God to protect them in the time of danger, when they feared the visits of leopards and lions. They, like all Central Africans, thought God so distant that He could be in no way interested in their affairs. Mulungu is a negligible quantity. He is an idea of the mind—a name, and but little more.

Some of my young readers may say, "But you have not explained why the natives of Kaulwe put faith in their fetish-idol, Kisipa, or how they supposed it would protect their village."

An explanation of their ideas about Kisipa involves a brief account of the religious beliefs of the South Tanganyika natives.

All the natives of Central Africa are believers in what has been called a "Fetish Religion." This is a vague, dark superstition, that makes no appeal to, or claims any relationship with Mulungu (God). It is a religious structure that rests on a truth, but is built in error. Its foundation is a belief in a Spirit-World, and on this foundation of truth the African has erected his religious system. But the farther he has proceeded with his building, the more distant he has got from the truth.

The main pillars of fetish belief are faith in the existence of local demons or fiends, and faith in the efficacy of charms and fetish idols. But these two pillars require the connecting link of faith in the power of the witch-doctor. The Fetish religion assumes that this material world is much acted upon and influenced by evil spirits. Many of these evil spirits, if not all of them, are believed to be the spirits of departed men.

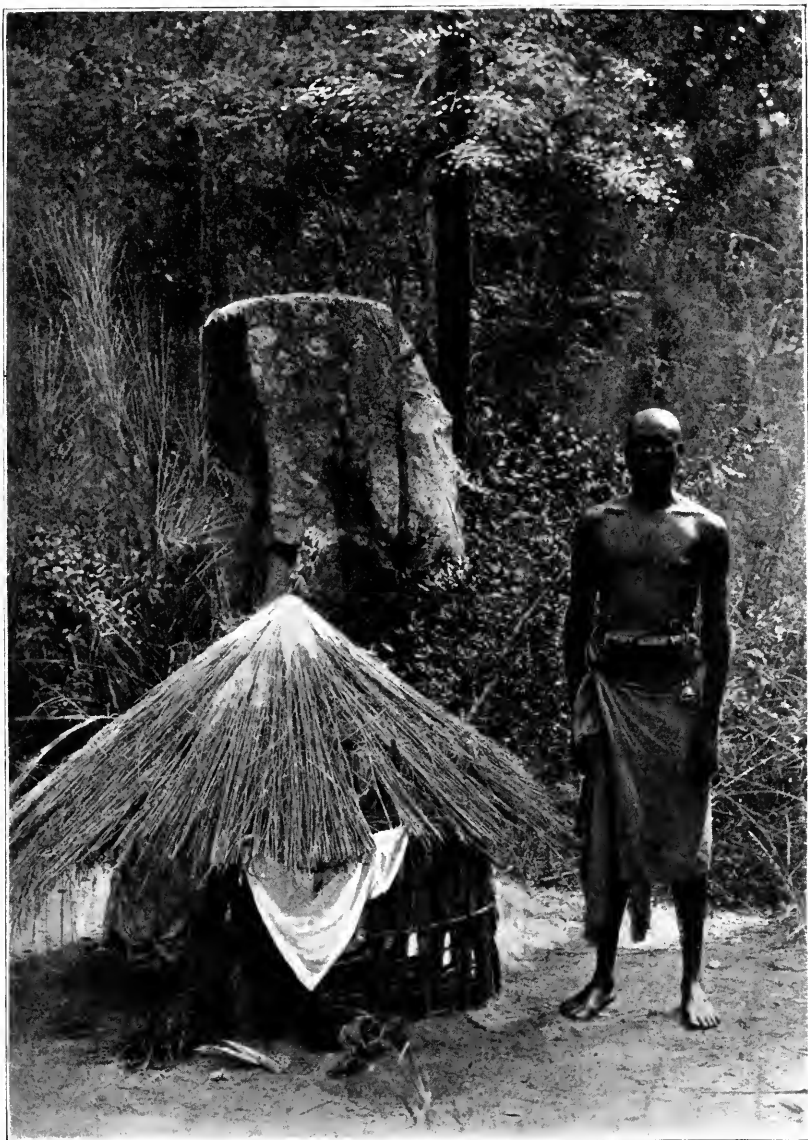
Every person has a soul, which passes at death into the Spirit-World; and the prevailing idea of the natives is that the soul and body have been so closely related during life, that the soul will desire to remain in the locality where the body has been buried. In this way the Central Africans have created in their minds a spirit-world all around their villages. The souls of the generations who have passed away are still lingering there, so that the number of spirits in every locality is almost infinite. Some of these spirits have taken up their abode in or around huge masses of rock, in peculiar stones, in forests, in very large trees, over marshes and swamps, and in any and every peculiar, dark and uncanny place.

The character of some of these spirits is considered to be very bad; in fact the natives never credit some of them with any good, but speak of them as existing for wicked and malevolent purposes. The reason why they are believed to be so malicious is because some of them are spirits of ancestors of very long ago, who have been individually forgotten by the present generation; and being forgotten the spirit is insulted and is determined to revenge itself. Others are spirits of men who suffered injuries in their lifetime and are now bent upon avenging their wrongs upon mankind. This belief has a deep hold on the minds of the natives. I once heard an old man, who considered himself injured by some villagers, say to them with great wrath: "I shall be glad when I

am dead, for then my spirit shall return to the village to haunt and strangle you ! ”

As large numbers of spirits are supposed to exist all around the villages, and even inside the villages, around the houses of the natives, and as they are bent upon mischief and vengeance, the natives live in great fear of them. Their power is thought to be so great that they may act upon the material world in any way. If a tree falls upon a man, it is a deed of vengeance by an evil spirit. If a man suddenly sickens, it is the work of an evil spirit. A man's body, soul, family, or goods may all be injured by their malice. Thus all the evils, trials and miseries of life are held to be brought about by these malignant spirit-beings, which are thought to surround the Central African on every side. This belief causes the natives to be burdened with a sense of constant fear and dread. The mother with her little babe upon her back fears lest an evil spirit shall paralyze her child. The owner of a flock of sheep or goats fears lest a malevolent spirit shall send a murrain upon them. The man with a good crop of growing corn in his garden fears lest a fiend shall send a blight upon it. To avert such a disaster is the one object of the poor African. Wondering how it may be done, he reasons thus from human nature : “ If two men had a quarrel, and the weaker man took a present to the stronger man, or went to him and said some very humble and respectful words, probably the strong man's anger would be averted, and he would forget his quarrel with his weaker neighbour.” So he thinks the malignant spirits may be pacified by propitiatory offerings and humble salutations, and their wrath averted.

Believing this, the native when on a journey makes small offerings and salutations at many different places along the line of his route, generally near large trees and stones. I have often seen by the road-



A SPIRIT HUT, ERECTED NEAR LARGE STONE.



side small heaps of gifts, and sometimes small pieces of calico tied to a stick or tree, as a propitiatory offering. When a tree or stone has been recognized *by a number of natives* as the abode of one of these spirit-fiends, the villagers build a little hut near the rock or tree for the spirit to dwell in. A native passing that way and seeing the little spirit-hut, knows that a spirit lurks there. He fears it, and to propitiate it he tears off a shred from his calico loin-cloth, or gives a handful of his food, or a piece of tobacco, or a few beads, or anything else he may possess, and drops it before the little house. If, however, a native has no gift he can offer, he will bend his body to a stooping position and clap his hands together, saying at the same time, "*Tata witu.*" These words, when accompanied by the clapping of hands, are a salutation or sign of respect.

From this it will be seen that the native does not usually give to the spirits anything that he values very highly. Very often an offering consists of things the native himself does not want, such as over-ripe fruit, a broken native pot or any other useless article. Usually it is not their *best*, but their *worst*, that they give. It is only right, however, to state that there are times when the natives practise real self-denial to make an offering to these dreaded spirits. It may be they are suffering from a great drought, or that the locusts are threatening to eat up their crops, or that a stronger tribe is preparing to come against them in battle. On such occasions the natives unite in sending large presents of an ox, sheep, or goats, of beads, cloth or brass rings, to the witch-doctor to place in the forest where the spirit is said to reside. Such a gift must be regarded as a tribal, rather than as an individual, offering.

It has been stated by some people that the natives, in these gifts and salutations, are *worshipping* the spirits, and hence it has been said that the Central African's religion is "demon worship." This is not the

case, for there is no love or veneration in the heart of the giver. He hates the malignant spirits he propitiates, and would defy them if he dared. As an evidence of this I may tell you how on one of my journeys to the Liendwe valley, I called at a village named Kizombwe at a time when the villagers were defying the local spirits. There had been a great deal of sickness in the village, and this the natives attributed to the malice of the local demons. As the little propitiatory offerings given had not tended to allay the disease, the people met in the centre of the village for the purpose of driving out the troublesome evil spirits that were causing the sickness. The men, women, boys and girls took part. The men fired off old trade-guns to scare the fiends; those who had no guns clashed their spears and axes together. Some young men were beating upon drums; while all the females yelled themselves hoarse. This worked the whole company into a state of great excitement. They ran about the village and cleared the demons from every hole and corner of it. Then they rushed out of the village gateway, and had a regular spiritual spring-cleaning in all the district around the village. And yet when leaving the village next day, some of these very men were careful to drop small gifts, or make a salutation, at every place where a fiend might reside. Indeed they were more timid and fearful of an attack from the demon-spirits than they had been a few days before.

Belief in fiends is the chief prop of the African's religion. It was felt necessary that some one should make a study of these local demons, and be able to instruct the people how to guard against their attacks, and turn aside their wrath. This gave rise to the body of men known as 'medicine-men,' or 'witch-doctors.' These men are found throughout Central Africa. They have very considerable influence with the people, who are fettered by their superstitious ideas. The witch-doctor's work is very varied. He is

the expounder of the tribal customs and beliefs; he is the counsellor in tribal troubles, such as pestilences and wars; he is an herbalist to give medicine to the sick, and a curer of all spiritual afflictions. It is not my intention to say anything more just now of this class of men, beyond stating that they have taught the people to believe they can make charms and fetish-idols to protect them from injurious attacks of fiends, and from personal enemies. These men say they



NATIVE DRUMMERS.

can take any object from sky, water or land, and by repeating a lucky phrase over it, or by muttering an incantation, or by certain ceremonies which they alone understand, they can attract or compel a friendly spirit to come to and hover about the newly-made fetish or charm. The native belief is that the witch-doctor has in some way made the charm more attractive to the spirit than anything else in the world could possibly be. Hence the owner of the charm or fetish has a guardian friendly spirit always near by, to act as

a shield or a defence between himself and the attacks of malignant spirits. Fetish worship is not, therefore, worship of a material object. Friendly spirits are behind, or attached to, the charms or fetish-idols, and their duty is to protect the owner of the fetish from the attacks of the demons that are attached to the large trees and stones which the natives fear to pass.

Faith in the fetish-charms is universal in Central Africa. Both sexes, of all ages, and of all social positions, wear charms round their neck, their wrists, their ankles, and upon their garments. They are not only worn on the body, they are hung about the inside of the house, over the doorway outside, in various parts of the village, over the crops in the gardens, on their weapons in times of war, on the bow of the canoe, when journeying by river or lake, and in every other conceivable place. They can be made for every purpose of life—loving, hating, friendship, fighting, resting, travelling, fishing, hunting, planting, cursing, blessing, or for any other object. The little infant an hour old has a charm tied to his wrist. As his needs increase so do his fetishes. He sees charms upon his father, his mother, and all around the house and village. He is taught from his earliest years that charms are necessary to guard him against thefts, misfortune, sickness, witchcraft, and every other form of evil. No wonder the poor dark African, as he grows to manhood, clings to his charms and truly believes there is virtue and power in them.

The people have such faith in fetish charms that they will wear anything, however ridiculous, if they think it possesses magic power. I have seen the natives using as charms dried leaves, bundles of twigs, pieces of root, bones of a fish or an animal, pieces of the skin of a snake, hair from the tail of an elephant or a lion, bunches of feathers and birds' claws, teeth and claws of leopards and lions, pieces of shell

or stone, carved pieces of wood, figures of animals, and images of men. Anything may be used as a charm; it is not valued on account of its material beauty or worth, for it is often ugly and valueless, but because it is regarded as the medium between the owner and a friendly spirit.

You will now be able to understand why the people of Kaulwe put their trust in the fetish-idol, Kisipa. They believed it to be so powerful a charm that its influence would keep wild beasts and evil spirits at a distance, and so guard their village from attack.

This fetish-religion does not exercise any moral influence for good over the daily life of the people. It may truly be said that the moral element is absent from their so-called religious exercises. I am not now saying the natives have no idea of morality, based on principles of right and wrong, for they have a sense of justice, and will admit the wrong of stealing, of murder, and of other things regarded by them as crimes. This, however, has nothing to do with their religious system.

The only wrong they admit is a wrong to the person who suffers; and even to him payment of cloth or beads, sheep or goats, can put it all right. A man may commit any crime or sin, and if he can only pay the barter-goods demanded by the wronged person, his character in no way suffers in the eyes of his neighbours. There is no idea of sin against God. To the natives of Central Africa the thought of God is not associated with the idea of right and wrong. As a consequence, there is no sense of sinfulness, no burden of sin pressing upon the mind and heart; no fear of the punishment of sin in the life to come.

How sad is the condition of these people! Yet how can they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how can they hear without a preacher? We who have had God revealed to us,

in the person of Jesus Christ, must ever pray and work to send them the tidings of the Father's love.

Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That Divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary.

Let the Gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.



A WITCH DOCTOR WITH MASK.

CHAPTER V

NIGHT-TIME IN DARK AFRICA—CRUEL
RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS

"The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."—Ps. lxxiv. 20.

"A people that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death."—Ps. cvii. 14.

"Jesus said : He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."—JOHN viii. 12.

CHAPTER V

NIGHT-TIME IN DARK AFRICA—CRUEL RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS

WE have seen the dark cloud of slavery hanging over the Central portion of the African Continent. We have now to look at the midnight darkness in the social and tribal life of the people.

The customs of the land, which we of a more enlightened nation are accustomed to think mere accidentals, tacked on to the life of a savage people, are not accidentals at all. They are the natural outcome of the religious ideas of the tribe. It might be clearly shown that nearly all the general practices of the Central African savage have some religious explanation, but we must content ourselves with considering a few only.

(a) Killings at the Graves of Chiefs.

The year 1896 was a time of considerable growth in the populations of our Mission Settlements, from causes with which we had nothing to do. Large numbers of Awemba people came to the Mission Stations of Kawimbe, Niamkolo and Kambole, and asked permission to be allowed to settle near us. When an inquiry was made as to the cause of this large influx of the Awemba tribe, it was clearly shown that they were leaving their country through fear.

Their great Chief, Kitimkoro, had just died, and many Awemba districts were being raided to supply slaves to kill at his grave.

You see, life amongst these savage people was not only in danger from enemies outside ; even from causes within the tribe the people sat "in the region and shadow of death."

In Central Africa the belief is general that death is not annihilation, but only a change of place and state of existence. The thought of the future life is that it is very much like this life, and that death brings no change of social rank. The spirit of a chief will remain the spirit of a chief, and the spirit of a slave will remain the spirit of a slave. Hence chiefs and persons of wealth must be furnished at death with a retinue of women and slaves, to keep up the dignity of their position in the next world, and to secure them the comforts suitable to their rank. This idea, which is deeply rooted in the religious conceptions of the people, leads to horrible massacres.

The Alungu and Amambwe kept up this practice until the advent of the missionaries; and unconquered tribes like the Awemba until 1898 sacrificed many victims at the graves of their chiefs in order that the spirits of the slaughtered ones might accompany the dead chief and minister to his needs in another world. As in life the numbers forming the retinue of a chief vary according to his greatness, so in death. Thus, when Kitimkoro, the paramount chief of the Awemba, died in 1896, it is said that upwards of a hundred victims were sent into the Spirit-World with him; but when, about the same time, a sub-chief of the Awemba tribe died, his spirit had to be satisfied with a retinue of eight attendants.

This horribly cruel practice was general amongst the savage races of the Dark Continent, but by Christian laws and missionary influence it is being suppressed, and the desire for it is being eradicated. How earnestly we ought to pray that upon these people the light may soon shine, and that those whom Christ died to redeem may turn from their evil ways.

(b) *Infanticide.*

An old woman named Kasapo, living not far from the Mission House at Kambole, often brought eggs and native garden-produce to my house for sale. I noticed that she generally had a child with her on these occasions, though she was too old to be the child's mother.

One day I asked her if the child was her grandchild, and she replied "No," she had no grandchildren, for her only child had not lived. After this I took an interest in the old lady, and from her I learned her sad story.

Years before, she had had a child of her own, and for a time the little babe had been a great blessing to her. As she went about her work the little one always accompanied her, strapped on her back. When hoeing the garden she sang a weird song of gladness, and as she travelled to and fro about her domestic duties, her heart was full of joy, for her little babe was the brightness of her life.



AN EXECUTIONER.

One unfortunate day, when the infant was about eight or nine months old, a little tooth appeared. Alas! alas! it was *on the upper jaw*. What would the villagers say? For a time she hid the fact of the child having cut an upper tooth, but soon a neighbour found out her secret. All the villagers said her babe was an unlucky child and that it must die. They told her that it would bring death upon an adult member of her family and a disaster upon the village if it was allowed to live. To prevent such a calamity native traditional



KAMBOLE MISSION STATION.

law said the mother must destroy her offspring. This poor mother, though she had agreed that such a law was good so long as it applied to other people's children, thought it a cruel law when it meant her own sweet babe. She fled from home, taking her babe with her, and sought refuge in a neighbouring village. Soon the villagers found out that her child was an unlucky child, and fearing disaster on their village they drove her forth. The poor mother tried several villages, but at each met the same fate. Then, finding no shelter for her unfortunate child, and no rest for her weary feet, she decided to con-

form to native law and drop her little one into a river. Her mother-love was strong, but heathen practice was stronger, and so a splash was heard, and the mother with a breaking heart returned to her native village to mourn the loss of her little babe.

What a terrible condition of things! Yet in dark Africa any child that cuts an upper tooth before it cuts a lower tooth should, according to native belief, be put to death. The little ivory appearing at the top first is regarded as indicating that the babe is an unlucky child. What sorrow of heathenism can be more acute than that of a mother at the destruction of the infant she loves? Benighted Africa! How sorely she needs to learn of a pitying God. Is not some young heart touched with a desire to become Christ's messenger, and to tell the poor African mothers the story of love and mercy, and of "the Friend for little children," of whom we sing in our sweet hymns?

(c) *Trial by Ordeal.*

"Please, sir, will you sanction my drinking a cup of poison?"

This was the somewhat startling question put to me one day in the Mission Compound.

"For what reason do you wish to drink poison?" I asked.

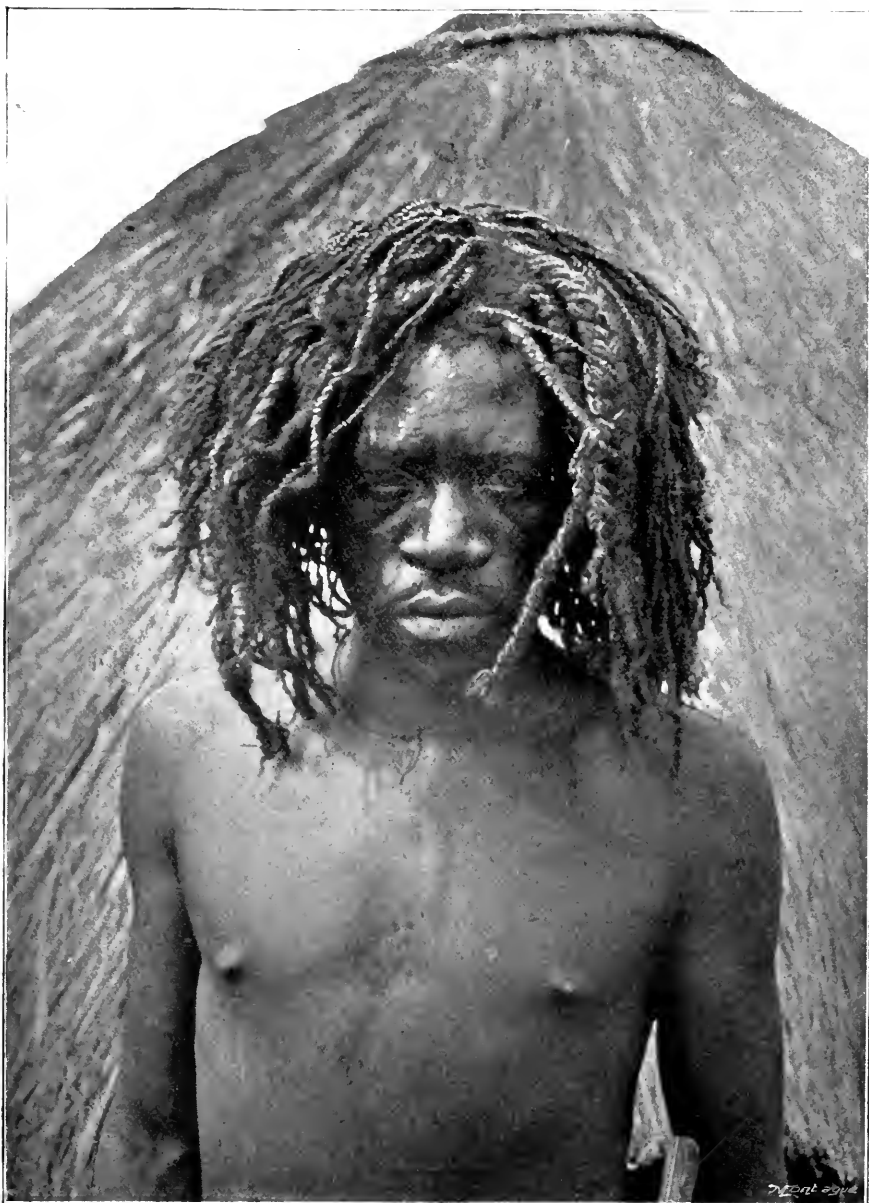
"In order to prove to the people that I am innocent of the charge of theft," was the reply.

The man who made this seemingly strange request was named Mirambo. His story was that he had seen a small antelope caught in another man's game-trap set near a garden. He informed the owner of the game-trap that a *mpombo* (a small buck) was snared, and the owner hurried to the place to secure his prize. On arriving there, he found by the feet-tracks and the state of the trap that an antelope had been caught, but it had been taken out before his arrival. He immedi-

ately accused Mirambo of acting a double part—of stealing the antelope and then sending him to the garden on a foolish errand.

As Mirambo could not convince the villagers of the falsity of the accusation, he wished to prove his innocence by an appeal to the "trial by ordeal."

You see, boys and girls, the Central African people are passing through stages of thought which we left behind us centuries ago, and the native trials are still by ordeal. If a man is accused or suspected of a crime, they try to ascertain his innocence or guilt by the use of a virulent poison called "mwave." This poison takes its name from the mwave-tree, the bark of which is taken and ground to a powder; hot water is poured upon it to draw the juice from the bark, and it is then ready for use. It is generally prepared at the time required, so that the draught shall be fresh and strong. This poison will sometimes kill and sometimes act as an emetic. A number of persons will assemble to witness the test, for all believe in its genuineness. The accused person, if innocent, believes that his innocence will be established, and he readily drinks the poisonous draught. If vomiting follows and the stomach rejects the poison, the person is declared innocent and is entitled to demand reparation from his accuser. If he does not vomit, death generally takes place; if a swoon only follows, a murderous impulse often seizes the onlookers, and they rush upon the man and put him to death. Those who have been in the past falsely accused, but have nevertheless died by this poison, cannot witness against its falsity. On the other hand those who have been falsely accused and have taken mwave, and it has acted upon them as an emetic, have had their faith strengthened in the genuineness of the test that has established their innocence. Needless to remark, a great deal depends upon the specialist who mixes the poisonous draught. This is the work of a native medicine-man, and unquestion-



A CENTRAL AFRICAN MEDICINE-MAN.

ably a great amount of bribery is resorted to by the friends of the accuser or the accused, in order to have the dose made weak or strong.

This trial by ordeal has its support in the religious notions of the people, for a spirit is supposed to be connected with the mwave, and this spirit is believed to determine the action of the poison and thereby give the decision.

Around our Station at Niamkolo quite a number of mwave cases occurred a few years ago, and the practice seemed to be growing until the missionary used his influence to have the native medicine-man banished from the district.

There have been times when a whole village has been suspected of disloyalty to their chief, or of an act of witchcraft upon one of their rulers, and every person in the village has had to drink mwave to show if they were of the guilty party. On these occasions many people have died. Such cases have occurred in the Awemba country, and a few years ago this actually took place at Kazembe, where we now have a Mission Station established, and where we hope soon to see many of the people led out of nature's darkness into the light of God.

(d) *The Ceremony of Covenant-making.*

I was walking one day in the native part of our Kambole Settlement, when I saw a large number of people congregated together behind some of the houses. Thinking there was probably a quarrel going on, and that my presence was necessary in the interests of peace, I walked towards the group.

A strange sight presented itself to my eyes. On the ground, wrapped in a mat, was one of my own workpeople. Standing upright near the prostrate figure was a man I knew, named Sinsima. He was reciting what was clearly a well-known formula to a large

company of interested natives, who formed a circle round him and the prostrate figure. The natives were much disturbed by my appearing in their midst; but finding I was only an onlooker, they proceeded with their business. Anxious to learn what was the meaning of this strange ceremony, I questioned my workman, and learned from him that I had been a witness at an oath-taking or covenant-making ceremony.

Amongst most of the savage tribes of Central Africa there are modes of entering into solemn covenant. This, of course, cannot be done by a written contract or treaty, as with white men, for two reasons—firstly, because the natives cannot at present comprehend that a written statement forms a binding agreement; and secondly, because many of the languages of the tribes have yet to be reduced to a literary form, and even where this has been accomplished the adults do not know how to read and write.

Nearly every tribe understands entering into binding treaties with other tribes by means of a blood-brotherhood ceremony between the chiefs of the tribes concerned. This covenant, which is the most binding of all the solemn compacts between tribe and tribe, was entered into in the year 1878 by the Rev. J. B. Thompson, on behalf of the white missionaries, with Mirambo, a Wanyamwezi chief.

The blood-brotherhood ceremony is, however, unnecessary between members of the same tribe, for they are regarded as blood-relations. There is a need, therefore, for some form of affirmation or oath that will be binding between two individuals of the same tribe.

The Awemba, when they want to take an oath, take up some earth from the ground and rub it upon their tongue, after which they draw the first finger of the right hand across their throat.

Amongst the Alungu the covenant-making involves the ceremony

I witnessed, which is carried out somewhat as follows:—The man or woman who is about to swear to the truth of his or her assertion, spreads a bamboo mat upon the ground in the presence of many witnesses. He then lies upon half the mat, as a couch, and draws the other half over himself. A friend advances and places an axe and hoe upon him, the axe near the head and the hoe near the feet. This same



COVENANT-MAKING.

friend, with great show, then exclaims aloud in these terms: "If the affirmation of my prostrate friend is untrue, when he has occasion to go outside the village may he be seized by a lion, or be bitten by a venomous snake! Or failing these things, may evil spirits enter into his stomach and swell him up until he bursts asunder!"

All the things employed in this ceremony are symbolic. The mat,

axe, and hoe are symbolic of death, just as is the drawing of the finger across the throat by the Awemba. The mat is symbolic of the mat or cloth that is universally used as a winding-sheet round a dead body. The axe and the hoe are the two belongings of the Alungu which are placed outside the door when he dies. They are placed there to tell all passers-by that a death has occurred ; so they serve the same purpose as the drawn blinds or shutters in an English house.

The animals mentioned by the friend in his awful wish have special meanings. The lion is a beast in which the spirits of fierce Alungu chiefs and warriors may take up their abode. The snake is a reptile into which the less brave and more cringing spirits often enter for malicious purposes. The wish that spirits in general may enter into his stomach is an appeal to all the spirits that are supposed to be dwelling in stones, trees, forests, and around burying-places.

You can now clearly understand that the wish of the oath-taker is not an appeal to the great spirit of the universe called *Mulungu*. It is an appeal to all the vicious evil spirits believed in by the people, requesting them to listen to the covenant, and to punish a breach of faith.

My readers will now see how much the religious ideas of the Central African people enter into their tribal ceremonies. As we have seen the religious ideas underlying these various customs, so also we might see them in many ceremonies connected with birth, marriage, funeral rites, burning of the bodies of powerful enemies, blood-feuds, and in fact nearly all their savage customs.

The customs and the religious ideas of the Central African people are like a tree with spreading branches. The trunk and foliage, that is the visible parts, may represent the outward and visible

customs; but the roots of the tree, hidden underground, represent the religious ideas of the people, nourishing and supporting their cruel social practices.

Governments may stop massacres, blood-feuds, infanticide and other cruelties practised by the strong upon the weak; but the roots of the great tree of heathenism will continue to have life after many of its branches have been forcibly lopped off. It is only by the preaching of the Gospel, and by the Christ-life represented to the people by the missionary, that we can strike at the root of the evil, and so bring about a complete change in the thought, as well as in the practice of these people. Can this be accomplished? Yes. God's word declares, "He (Jesus) shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the rivers unto the ends of the earth." That prophecy can only be fulfilled by our proclaiming to the heathen that "Jesus is the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." What a glorious message to publish abroad! In future we will sing with our hearts as well as with our lips:

Waft, waft, ye winds, the story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole.

CHAPTER VI
THE DAWN OF DAY IN DARK AFRICA

"O earth . . . hear the Word of the Lord."—JER. xxii.
29.

"To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death."—LUKE i. 79.

"And God said, Let there be light; and there was light."—GEN. i. 3.

"The people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up."—MATT. iv. 16.

CHAPTER VI

THE DAWN OF DAY IN DARK AFRICA

WE have looked at the founding of the new Mission at the south end of Lake Tanganyika. We have now to look at the progress of that work. In 1887 the Rev. Picton Jones opened the first Station at a native village called FWAMBO, governed by a chief of the same name. The work here was beset with many difficulties. The missionaries had settled amongst a people whose language had never been reduced to a written form. The early workers, therefore, began their study of the dialect without teachers, grammars, lexicons, vocabularies, or any other aids. With considerable difficulty and much hard work, little by little, the meanings of words were noted down, and a vocabulary was made, the rules that governed the formation of the language were one by one tabulated, and an elementary grammar was written.

Other difficulties arose from the people themselves. The chief was a young man, quite a despot, and had a great conceit of himself. The general social conditions were exceedingly bad. The tribe as a whole was in the constant ferment of war with neighbouring peoples. The only hopeful element seemed to lie in the children.

Whilst the missionaries were working at the language they were also engaged in erecting houses for themselves, and a building to serve the double purpose of chapel and schoolroom. In this work a certain number of natives were employed, and were, of course, paid

for their labour. After a schoolhouse was built the children were invited to attend classes. They came to school, but clearly regarded it as a funny sort of work done for the white men; for after several weeks' instruction, they formed up in line outside the missionary's house and asked for their pay! They thought they were entitled to pay for doing work in the white man's school, just as they would have been if they had been employed in the white man's house or garden.

The missionaries had been about three years at Fwambo, when the chief and his elders decided to remove the village to a site several miles distant. It is a common native practice to remove their villages every seven or eight years. There are several reasons for this. The people are so filthy in their habits that the conditions of the village become exceedingly insanitary. Just outside each gateway, if not in the village itself, there is a general depository of filth and refuse, giving rise to a state of things that is undesirable, and the natives know it is easier to build a new village than to put the old place in a decent condition. Another reason is that their gardens will by this time have become somewhat poor, and a new site for the village means new garden ground also.

The removal of the old Fwambo village led Mr. Jones to begin work on somewhat different lines. Up to this time, whenever the Gospel was preached, it had been necessary to plead with the chiefs of the villages to gather their people to listen to the Word of God. The chiefs in reply had constantly demanded calico, beads, or other barter-goods in payment for their services. Then, again, as the old village was to be abandoned, it meant that the missionaries would have to build new houses at the new village, probably to be again abandoned in a few years. Such a system would prevent the erection of good permanent schools, churches and houses. Further, the stench

arising from the surroundings of a native village make it very unhealthy for Europeans to live there.

For these and other reasons the missionaries decided to start a centre of their own; instead of following after the natives, they determined to encourage the natives to settle around them. When, therefore, the old site of Fwambo was abandoned, instead of accompanying the natives to their new village, Mr. Jones went to an uninhabited spot, cleared the ground, built his house and a church,



KAWIMBE CHAPEL.

and started a Mission Settlement. This new centre of Christian work was called Kawimbe, and is still known by that name.

We have seen how the slave-trade and tribal wars had decimated the South Tanganyika peoples. The country around Kawimbe was therefore for the most part thinly populated, and the people who were there had no great chiefs, were not united, and hence were weak. The tribe was split up under petty chiefs jealous of each other, often quarrelling and fighting, and whilst divided amongst themselves all parties were living in constant dread of the raiding Awemba, who

were ruled by a powerful chief and lived upon the destruction of these weaker tribes.

Happily the missionaries now founding a permanent centre were associated in the minds of the people with justice and mercy. Their presence therefore gave a feeling of safety to the poor harried natives of the neighbourhood. The Mission Settlement was welcomed, and many natives who had previously been driven from their homes collected again round the missionary's residence, erected their houses and made their gardens afresh.

The missionaries working at Kawimbe now had the same congregation to listen to their preaching every Sunday, and also at the services during the week. They had no chiefs to stand between them and the people to lessen their influence. Under these new conditions, after a short time, Christian precepts and example were perceived to be impressing some of the young. When the new methods had passed the experimental stage, and were known to be successful at Kawimbe, and the village was seen to be in a flourishing condition, Niamkolo was established by Mr. Carson as a Mission Settlement on similar lines. Here, as at Kawimbe, there was no settled population, for the people were in fear of their lives; yet in eighteen months on this hitherto uninhabited spot 400 people had settled, and all the usual agencies of Christian effort were successfully at work. Schools were commenced; a regular Sunday service, often attended by 200 people, was conducted; men and boys were trained in manual labour, and medical assistance was afforded daily to the sick and suffering.

Owing to the new methods of work, responsibilities had to be incurred that the missionaries would rather have avoided. It was imperative, since there was no central native authority, and up to this time no European Administrative Power, that the missionaries should make general rules to regulate the life of the community now

settled around them. The Mission centres had grown into large Settlements or villages, and they must be orderly in order to be a pattern to the native towns around. They must be kept clean and in a sanitary condition, in order to safeguard the health of the missionaries and their families. The native children growing up under the shadow of the Mission school must be regular in their attendance, in order that proper progress might be made. It must be made clear to all those who desired to settle near the Mission that the old barbarous cruel customs should not continue there.

Thus the missionaries insisted on *arbitration* in native disputes instead of the old way of bloodshed and murder. They pressed the adoption of a system of fines instead of mutilating the wrongdoer. They used their influence against infanticide, poison-ordeal, and all other degrading practices.

That these good reforms were not brought about among a savage people without great risk can be shown by the following extract from a missionary diary :

“To-day I went to arbitrate in a dispute between two chiefs, about the ivory of an elephant that had been shot on the boundaries of their territories. The boundary not being fixed, the question was—upon whose territory had the elephant been killed? They both came with a large following of armed men, and I sat down between them to hear their stories. Before a word was spoken, however, a gun was fired and a general skirmish took place, in which three men were killed and six wounded. The fight had only lasted a few minutes when I succeeded in getting Kera to withdraw his men. I and my four men were between two fires, but luckily escaped without injury.”

The influence of the missionaries amongst the Amambwe people at Kawimbe, and the Alungu at Niamkolo, was soon a cause of jealousy to some of the chiefs who had no love for reform. The very

success or the Mission Settlements led to a lot of opposition from a neighbouring chieft named Kakungu, who had his headquarters at a village named Kasanga. This man was a very fiend for cruelty. He mutilated his people without any reason, and without offering any excuse. He would cut off their hands, their ears, their nose or their lips, simply for spite, and to show that he possessed unlimited power. His hatred of the missionaries led him to seize any Mission natives who came in his way and cruelly maim them. This went on for some time, and often the missionaries prayed that God would bring these inhuman practices to an end. The end came in a manner Kakungu little expected. He captured seven natives whom he thought to belong to the Mission, mutilated them, and sent them back with a message to their master that he would serve many more that way very shortly. But it happened that these poor victims belonged to a Scotch trader at a place called Kituta, and not to the Niamkolo Mission. The trader, moved with indignation against such inhumanity, collected a large number of natives, led by their different chiefs. He went up against the village of Kasanga, destroyed it and captured the cruel chief. The village has since been rebuilt, and a new chief put in Kakungu's place. This prompt action of the trader caused mutilating to be far less frequent; in fact, almost to cease amongst the Amambwe and Alungu people; and in the village where Kakungu formerly ruled, a native teacher now lives, and a very good work is going forward.

In October 1894 a third Mission Station, named KAMBOLE, was founded by the Rev. Picton Jones further west than Kawimbe and Niamkolo. The work here made little progress during the first year. The preaching of the Gospel in the district was openly opposed by a chief, near by, named Kitimbwa. After a time this man, the only obstacle to the work around Kambole, was attacked by an Awemba

chief, his village was destroyed and he was killed. His people flocked to the Mission Station for protection, and eventually settled there, forming part of the Mission village. Thus within two years of the founding of Kambole, five hundred people were dwelling at that Mission centre.

If we glance at the work accomplished thus far, we see that within



MUTILATED NATIVES.

ten years of the founding of the first Mission centre, that at Kawimbe, we had three Settlements firmly established, two of them with about a thousand people attached to each, and one with five hundred. Further, these Settlements were but centres, and from each centre a number of out-schools and preaching stations had been established

and were being regularly worked. In these things we see the dawn of the coming day.

The part of Central Africa where our work is established has for many years been regarded as a sphere of British influence; but at the time of the founding of the Mission the country had not been occupied by Government officials.



MISSION HOUSE AT NIAMKOLO.

Some time after the founding of the Mission the South Tanganyika region was taken in hand, and officials were stationed there to do work which missionaries, as missionaries, could not do, but which they saw needed to be done.

Slavery was still going on, and the slave-dealer was at this time so bold that a slave caravan entered the Mission Station at Niamkolo, and the Arab desired to camp for the night inside the stockade. Kidnapping was done with such impunity, that whilst one of our missionaries was sitting by the Lake shore a slave-catcher seized

a child near to him, and made off with it in a canoe. On being pursued the kidnapper threw the child into the water, and whilst the friends stopped to rescue the child from drowning, the wicked child-stealer escaped. To cope with these social evils an enlightened Government was necessary, to take from the Arab oppressor and the slave-trading native the power to enslave and injure his weaker brother, to insist on arbitration instead of massacre and pillage whenever a dispute arose between tribe and tribe, and to prevent the mutilating, oppression and cruelty carried on by the despotic chiefs.

The missionaries were toiling to bring about these great reforms and therefore they rejoiced when British officials were stationed in various centres to establish a firm and just government, and to lay down laws based on Christian principles.

The first great work of the British Administration was to give a decisive blow to slavery. This deathblow was dealt at the awful traffic in December 1895. At that time two of the chief Arab slavers lived at Mpata, near Karonga, on the Nyassa-Tanganyika Caravan road. These two slavers, named Mlozi and Kopa-kopa, raided the Nyassa-Tanganyika plateau, destroyed many of the villages, and threatened to absolutely depopulate a very large district. They had built a fortified town and bade defiance to the British officials, whose duty it was to stop slave-trading and raiding. To check their ravages several large forces were armed and led by white men, and the slavers' fortified town was destroyed. When the white men entered Mlozi's stockade they liberated 569 slaves whom they found there. Some of them were covered with horrible weals and scars, some of them were tied together in lots, and nearly all of them had been made slaves by the raiding of their villages.

Mlozi was a kind of prince among the Arab slave-traders, and

his defeat and death have tolled the death-knell of the slave-trade in British Central Africa. Other slavers are full of fear, for if Mlozi could be defeated any one of them could be easily crushed. For this reason all slave-trading done now is done in secret; slaves are only got through the country by stealth, marching by night, and hiding in the bush by day.

In addition to the suppression of slavery, the Administration, partly by treaty and partly by force, has deprived the raiding Awemba tribe of their power to destroy, and has thus greatly reduced the number of massacres and tribal wars. An arbitration court has also been established, so that the weak who are suffering from oppression and cruelty may appeal for help and redress, and that the old practice of mutilating for trivial offences may be brought to an end by substituting more humane methods.

By the combined work of the missionary and the official, Christian influences have been so brought to bear upon the South Tanganyika natives that quarrelsome, blood-thirsty, cruel tribes have been turned into quiet peoples, and the formerly raided and plundered regions have become safe and peaceful lands. To-day, as compared with a few years ago, the country is in a condition of law, order and peace.

To bring about these great changes much tact has been necessary, as the following incident will show.

At Kambole, a youth named Swepa, who had bought an old trade-gun, was showing it with great pride to a young woman. Through his ignorance or carelessness he pulled the trigger when she had her hand over the muzzle, and consequently her thumb was blown off. Her friends, in great anger at Swepa for having been the cause of the girl losing her thumb, seized him and said he also should lose his thumb. They were about to mutilate the young man by chopping it off, when the missionary stood between the people and their victim,

and demanded in the interests of common humanity that the dispute should be settled in some other way. He arbitrated between the two parties, and finally settled that the youth should pay to the girl's parents twenty yards of calico, this being half the amount she would fetch if sold in marriage.

Swepa was still in a difficulty, for he did not possess the necessary cloth, twenty yards being a labouring native's wages for ten weeks' work. The missionary, therefore, to prevent the cruel act and to teach the people the lesson of kindness, advanced the calico as a loan to Swepa, and so saved his thumb. It may interest my readers to hear that Swepa faithfully fulfilled his obligation and worked until the cloth was refunded. Three years after this event Swepa came to me and asked to be publicly baptized as a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. After keeping him waiting six months as a probationer, that I might watch his life, I baptized him as the first convert on the Kambole Station, and he is now one of our Christian teachers.

The missionaries are not in Central Africa simply to civilize. They are there to teach the people the Gospel, and to lead them into personal touch with the living Christ. To accomplish this blessed purpose all means are made use of. As we have just seen, *Settlements* have been founded, where the people have a model village system put before them, based upon orderly and sanitary methods. *Evangelistic work* is carried on amongst the people of our Settlements and in all the district around. Large congregations gather together on the Sunday to listen to the preaching of the Gospel. *Itinerating* journeys are undertaken to reach the people at a distance; and the magic lantern is made a means of imparting Scripture lessons to the natives by the eye-gate, whilst the preaching of the missionary enters by the ear-gate. *Educational work* is given an important place, for it was realized from the first that if we could influence the

children of to-day we were moulding the men and women of years to come. This belief has been justified, for it is from the schools that the greater number of our present-day converts are drawn. *Literary work* has received much attention. Mr. Jones had already reduced the native language to a written form, had compiled a native vocabulary and small grammar, arranged a small hymn-book of sacred songs translated into Kimambwe, and had given the people the Gospel of Mark in their own tongue.



BUILDING A SCHOOL IN THE LIENDWE VALLEY.

CHAPTER VII

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PEOPLE
OF DARK AFRICA

"They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."—MATT. ix. 12.

"They shall come from the East and from the West and from the North and from the South, and shall sit down in the Kingdom of God."—LUKE xiii. 29.

"Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."—ISA. lx. 1.

CHAPTER VII

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PEOPLE OF DARK AFRICA

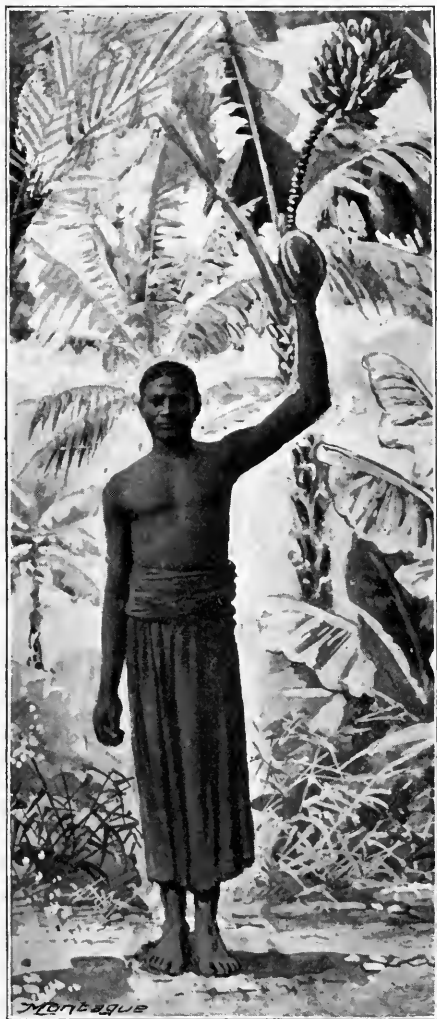
“WHO are the Alungu, and what are they like?” This is a question my young friends have asked me many times, and which I shall try to answer in a very brief space.

It is necessary that you should be made acquainted with these people, for they are the soil on which we missionaries sow the seed of the Kingdom, and I trust they are the people for whom you pray, that the seed may bear fruit in their lives to the glory of God.

The Alungu are a dark-skinned people, varying in colour from a soot black to a deep brown. They are rather taller than the average Englishman, have a well-developed body and limbs, and carry themselves very upright. Their heads are rather round, with well-shaped foreheads, and covered on the top with a mass of woolly black hair. The lips and nose are rather thicker than ours, but not nearly so broad as those of the negro.

At first sight the Alungu are not inviting, but on better acquaintance you would notice that many of them have very pleasant countenances and are quite good-looking; in fact in some few cases the facial expression is almost European.

Before you had been with these people a week, and certainly long before you were in a position to judge of their thoughts and customs, you would be convinced that they are in some senses “big children



A TYPICAL ALUNGU.

that ought at times to be treated as little children." They are of the number of those who are but infants in the family of nations. They live almost entirely in the present, and are supremely happy if they have plenty of food, for then they are feeding and singing the greater part of the day, and sleeping in the intervals. Like children, they do not take thought for the morrow, and so they are guilty of thriftlessness and waste. If an elephant or a hippopotamus is killed, the Alungu hunters will consume more meat than their stomachs can contain, for they eat until they are very uncomfortable; they will then sleep, and when they wake up they will eat meat again. In this way a party of Alungu hunters will have a time of feasting, until the carcass of the animal slain has disappeared and only the bones are left. In a few days, good fortune not having attended their efforts, they have no meat, and

it may be they have to live for weeks on a purely vegetarian diet,

because of their wastefulness and thoughtlessness when they had abundance.

As a people they are particularly fond of the dance. It is so attractive to them that few things will keep them from it. When the drumming starts, if the natives are at work, they will hurry to



A NATIVE DRUMMER AND DANCERS.

get their work done ; and if they are at food, they will often take it into their hands and eat it on their way to the dancing-space. People of both sexes and of all ages enjoy it. If any strangers from another village are present they also must join in the fun. The drums are beaten most vigorously, the hands are clapped in time, and a song is *yelled* (rather than sung) by the whole company. As noise helps the

performers, some of the dancers arrive with bells and rattles secured to their legs to increase the din made by the drums, hands, and voices. When the moon is at the full their energy is remarkable, for they will begin the dance early in the evening and continue it with vigour until dawn of the following morning.

It often happens on these occasions that though several dances are



A SOCIAL PARTY.

in progress at the same time the number present is too great for all to join in. Then the onlookers, standing round the circle, enter so fully into the dance that their faces beam with joy, and they sway their bodies to and fro to keep time with the dancers.

The Alungu very much dislikes being alone, except when he is taking his *siesta*. When he takes his food he desires company ; so

you will see several men or women squatting round the same porridge bowl, dipping into the same dish, and enjoying their food much more because it is partaken of with friends.

When the pipe is brought out the man may sit down on the ground and prepare the tobacco, but before he smokes he will either call some passers-by to smoke with him, or he will join himself to the company of others, so that the pipe may pass from man to man, each taking several draws and passing it on to his neighbour.

He cannot bear that he and his family should live alone ; he must build his hut where a number of people are congregated. The solitary life of an English farmer is an almost impossible life to the Alungu. I knew one man who, with his three wives and their children, formed a little community to themselves, but this was so unusual an occurrence that he became known throughout a wide district as "Mousi wenga"—"the one man," or "the man that lives alone."

At their work, where possible, the same thing applies. When the cultivating season comes round a few friends meet and agree upon the order in which their gardens shall be cultivated. They then go in company to hoe one man's garden, and the man's wife prepares food and drink for them all. A few days later you may see the same company at work in a different garden, for the rule is, "you hoe with me to-day, and I hoe with you another day."

Some of the pleasantest hours to the native are those when he is sitting with others under the shade of the council tree, in the centre of the village, or round the fire in the evening, discussing old disputes, fights, scandal or village politics. The Alungu are essentially sociable beings.

They are also a musical people, though they are not musicians. They have vocal and instrumental music, of a kind peculiarly their

own. Their harmonies would not pass as musical, according to the laws laid down by the various European schools of music; yet they are very pleasant to hear, for they are a succession of sweet harmonious sounds. When the natives are singing an *alendu*, or caravan song, there is rarely any discord, although all the parts—bass, tenor, alto, and treble—are put in *impromptu*.

Singing is a national characteristic, for, like the Hebrew captives by the waters of Babylon, they sing their tales of sorrow and bereavement, and of their pleasures and joys.

When going to war they have a war song, at the dance a dance song, at work a song about their work, in sorrow a wail or song of their distress. The words of the verses of the song are extemporized, but a well known chorus or refrain is brought in every few lines.

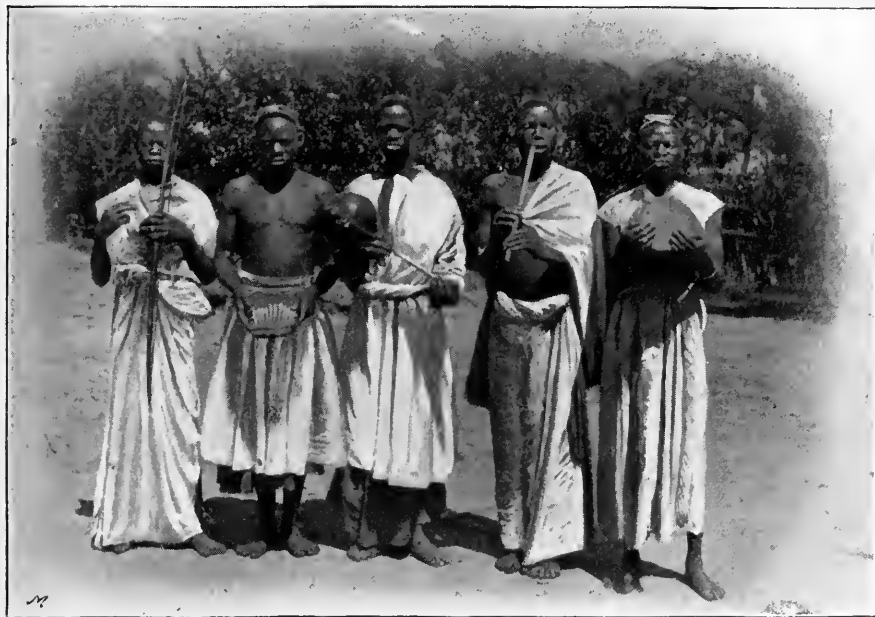
When I marched down country to fetch my wife from the coast, I had about fifty men in my caravan. Before starting they asked me, "Why are you going such a long journey?" I replied, "To bring back a white lady, to be my wife." A further question was asked me, "Is she young?" I said, "Yes, she is quite young." The information given was publicly proclaimed all along our journey, for when we were on the march my men were continually singing a song, of which the following is the chorus, repeated over and over again:—

Of all the great works in the world
We Alungu are engaged in the greatest:
We are marching down to Nyassa
To bring back our *grandmother*!

The word *grandmother* is used by the Alungu as a term of great honour and respect to any lady.

To hear the Alungu singing at their best we need to take a trip along the coast of the lake in one of the native canoes. The canoe itself is not a matter of much pleasure; it is distinctly primitive.

An Alungu canoe is what is called a "dug-out." A special canoe-maker looks out for a suitable tree, growing near a river bank, and with the aid of his friends he cuts it down. The unskilled natives begin to hollow it by chopping with their small axes, and the skilled man hews the outside and cuts it into shape. Sometimes, however,



A NATIVE BAND.

the natural shape of the tree satisfies them, and they launch the hollow trunk on the lake, with the bark still on the outside. Canoes on the rivers are often propelled by long poles, but on the lake the paddle is invariably used.

Will you take a trip on the lake, as I have often done, with some of our native friends? Imagine we are now clear of the beach, and

the paddlers are getting into a regular stroke. The leader of the crew begins a solo, which is taken up at certain intervals by the others, some of whom have very good voices. The men are quite fresh, so, not content with paddling and singing, they drum on the edge of the canoe with their paddles, in perfect time to the rhythm of their song. The chorus is repeated times innumerable, with the bass, alto, tenor, and treble parts nicely balanced throughout. The harmony is very sweet, and to listen to the singing is the greatest pleasure of the voyage.

I stated that the Alungu are fond of instrumental as well as vocal music. They have a number of musical instruments of their own manufacture. The chief of these are the *Katonga*, a bow with one string made with palm fibre, the cord being struck with a reed; the *Mulamba*, a kind of guitar, having fine strings made from the skin of a small antelope; the *Nzezi*, a kind of banjo with two strings, one of which is fingered like a violin; and the *Sansi*, a wooden instrument with iron keys, that emits various sounds by a released pressure movement of the thumb.

The most popular of these instruments are the *Nzezi* and the *Sansi*. With these the Alungu will amuse themselves for hours, although it is only possible to elicit a few variations from them, like the strumming on a banjo. These instruments are used to play an accompaniment to the tunes the native is often humming as he wanders about; but under all circumstances his musical instrument is to him a source of pleasure.

The Alungu is lacking in the love of the beautiful in nature; he will pass through most lovely and romantic scenery without admiration; he will take up a flower of wondrous design and richest colours but see nothing beautiful in it.

He shows a strange taste in what he would desire to look like, if

he had his choice. In our Kambole chapel we had on the walls a number of pictures, one of which was the well-known temperance picture, "The boy, what will he become?"—showing on the one hand an upward progress, and on the other side a sinking deeper in the social scale, the latter finishing as an old man in rags, with a beard like stubble, and altogether a very pitiable object. This set of sketches was very popular with the natives, and if they had a friend visiting them on the Sunday, he would most certainly be brought forward to examine this work of art; but I rarely knew an adult native who did not admire the drunkard in the picture far more than the successful business man!

Though lacking in love of the beautiful in some directions, the Alungu is not destitute of artistic taste. There are many evidences that he has some idea of art. He will carve a quaint design on his battle-axe, the sheath of his knife, and the handle of his spear. He will work a fancy design on his pipe bowl, the gourd he uses for drinking purposes, and on the quiver for his arrows. Whatever he prizes very highly he will try to improve by ornamental work; but all of it is of a rudimentary kind.

The adult Alungu are very dull; in spiritual matters they are hard to move. Their intellectual faculties have been so dwarfed by their surroundings that the lofty truths of Christianity and the high code of morality we set before them seem quite beyond their powers of comprehension. The consequence is that amongst the grown-up people there is much spiritual indifference.

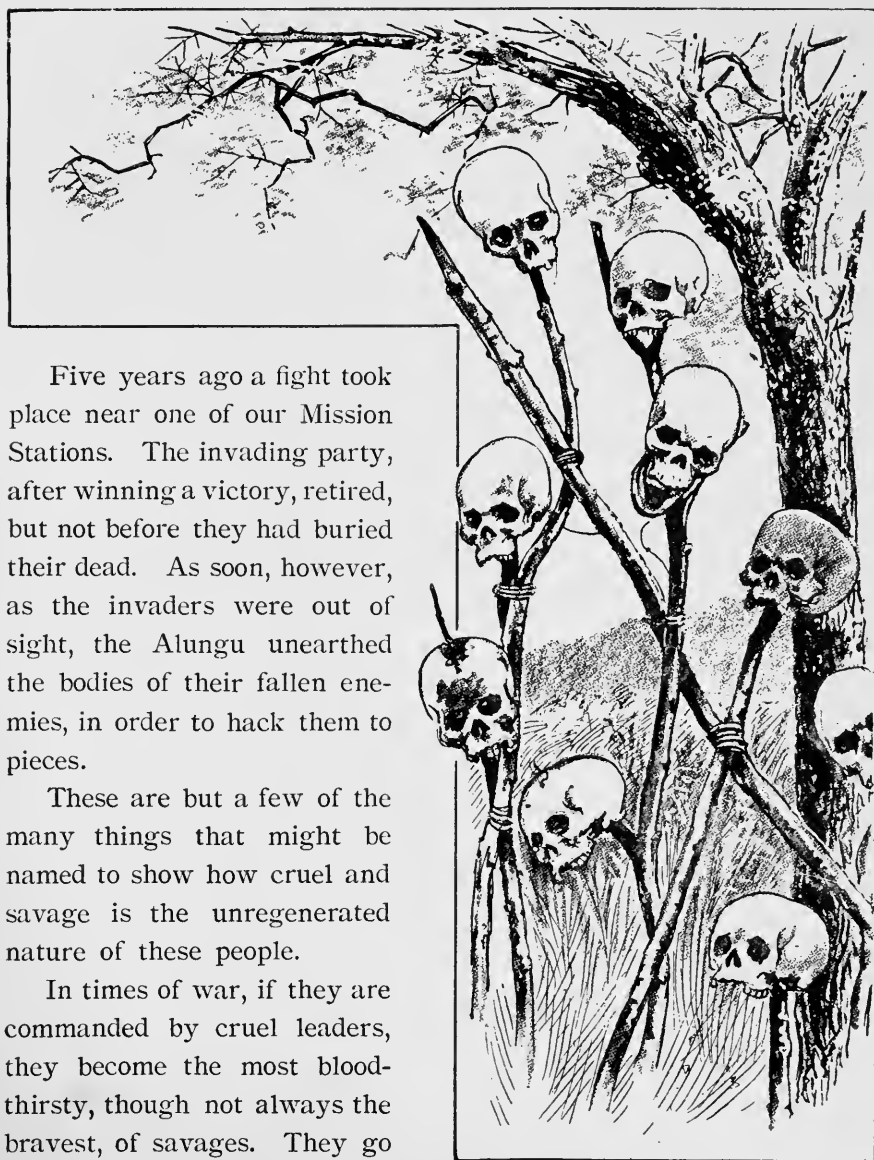
If an animal has been slaughtered and the meat is to be distributed amongst them, they will wait patiently for hours; if a native lawsuit is going on, they are intensely interested; if at Christmas we have some games and sports, they will strive hard for a few beads. When, however, it is the preaching of the Gospel that is

going on, the adults are cold and unresponsive, and because they cannot appreciate the lofty truths, they are often anxious to rush off from the service. It is not hostility to the truth, but a failure to understand and grasp it.

There is, owing to this spiritual density, an utter absence of the sense of sin, or of the need of salvation, amongst them. Speak to an Alungu about his sin, and he will say *he* is not a sinner, but his enemies the Awemba are very great sinners.

Their intellect is like a piece of disused machinery, that has become rusted in all parts; it requires a lot of labour expended upon it before it is in working order. To get over this obstacle we have to tell them the story simply, and tell them the story often. Their special difficulty is to understand things purely theoretical, for they are not slow to understand things presented to them in a practical form. Thus the example of the missionary, and his kind deeds, are understood better, and are more powerful for good, amongst the adults, than are his words. By combining precept and example, we find that here a little and there a little the truth is understood, and to some extent is influencing the thought and life of even the older people.

The people have a very cruel nature, though it does not always show itself. They take a pleasure in torturing dumb animals and other things weaker than themselves. They will assemble in large numbers at any place to witness the mutilating of some of their unfortunate fellow creatures. The executioner attached to the court of one of the chiefs, when remonstrated with because of the bluntness of his executing knife, said that it was kept purposely dull, because "it made the onlookers' hearts glad to hear the victim yell." In times of war they gloat over the pain they inflict and the blood they shed.



Five years ago a fight took place near one of our Mission Stations. The invading party, after winning a victory, retired, but not before they had buried their dead. As soon, however, as the invaders were out of sight, the Alungu unearthed the bodies of their fallen enemies, in order to hack them to pieces.

These are but a few of the many things that might be named to show how cruel and savage is the unregenerated nature of these people.

In times of war, if they are commanded by cruel leaders, they become the most blood-thirsty, though not always the bravest, of savages. They go

HORRIBLE TROPHIES.

to war with the merest scrap of clothing, and wearing a very fantastic head-dress, made out of the strip from the mane of a zebra. The hair of this ornament stands up all round the head like a halo, and when a large company are seen together in this way, and with their weapons in their hands, they look very fierce indeed.

The leading characteristic of the Alungu has been left until the last: he is *very superstitious* and fearful of moving about unless he is protected by charms.

Some years ago I went to visit a chieftain named Kapuphi. When I entered his presence he had eight or nine men standing around him, each holding a special piece of magic. One piece was to ward off death, another disease, another the evil eye, another to give him luck, and each of the remaining pieces had some similar purpose. This man never came to visit me without a like number of men, carrying the same or similar charms.

All the natives cannot be so guarded, but they all have a feeling of fear: for they live in constant dread of the evil eye, of witchcraft, and other things. Whenever I set up my photographic camera in a strange village, it was quite enough to cause all the men, women, and children to stampede to the woods, where they would hide themselves until they thought the danger was past. They knew that by means of the camera I could make a picture of a man. They knew the man was still in their midst, yet I possessed a diminutive form of the man. What could it be? To the superstitious mind of the Alungu it must be that invisible something of the man called *spirit*. Thus the natives were afraid of the camera, for they said, "The white man, by means of that box, steals the spirits of the black men, to send away in a letter to his own country."

I knew a healthy young man who went on a journey to a distant town. He returned saying that he was bewitched. His friends did

all that could be done, but his superstitious idea had such a hold upon him that he became so despondent and low that he could not take his food. He lacked the necessary vital power to throw off the depression, so he died in about six weeks from despondency and fear. That young man would have fought half a dozen visible enemies, but he felt himself quite powerless in the presence of witchcraft.

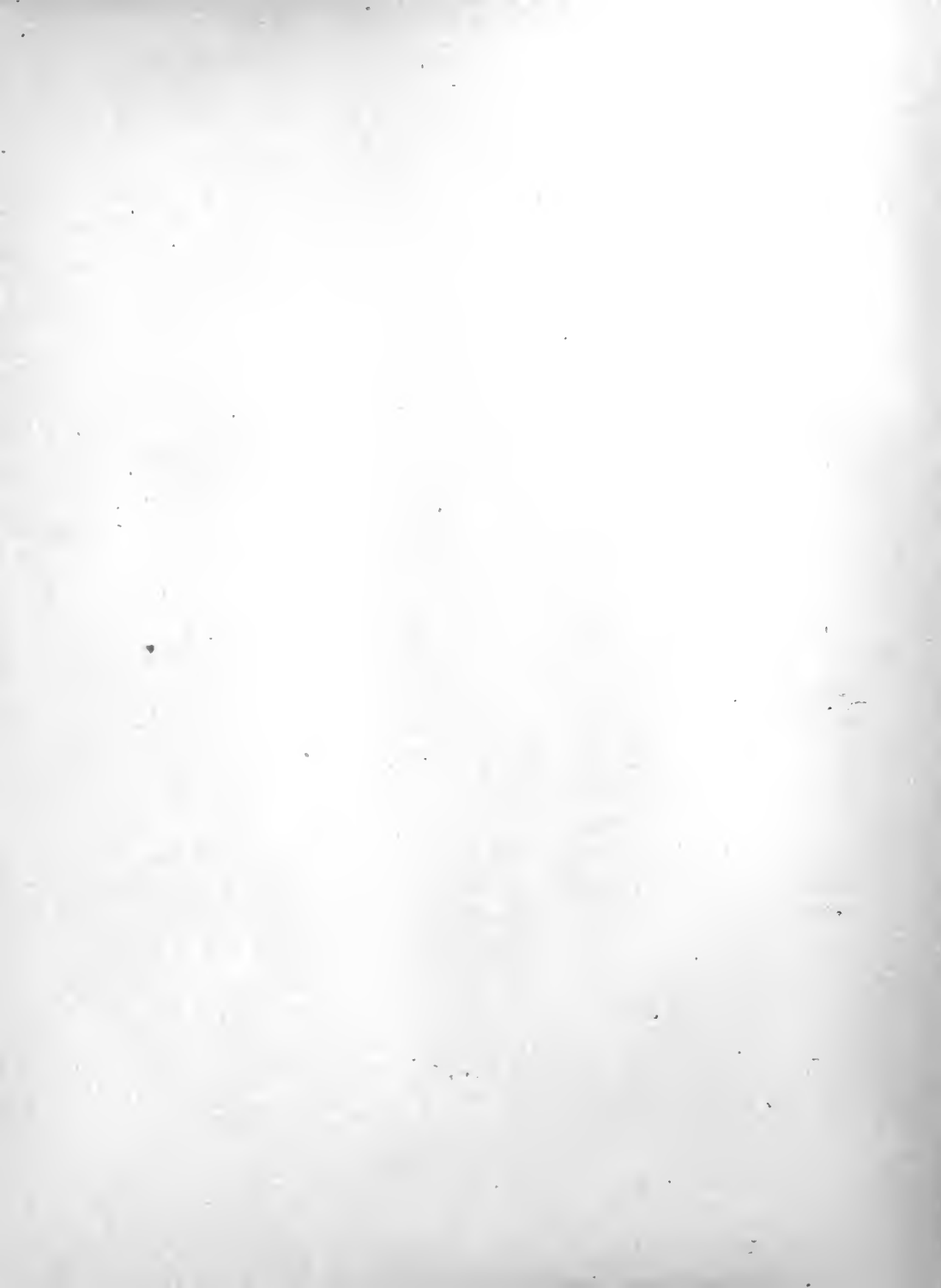
This is a power every native dreads every day of his life. I have seen a woman run away in alarm because she saw her own image in a mirror. It is no unusual thing to see natives express terror when they are shown the photograph of a friend. The explanation of their fear in each case is witchcraft or the evil eye.

A record of all the superstitious practices and ideas of the Alungu would fill a book, but sufficient has been stated for the limited space at our disposal.

Is there any hope for these poor Alungu? Yes, for we have abundant evidence that even amongst them "The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Examples are not wanting to show that their cruel nature may be regenerated, that their superstitions may be overthrown, and that their darkness may be dispelled. As this day draws nearer their sociable nature will not be changed, but its energies will be turned in another direction.

We find that those who have learned the truth show their love of companionship by actions like that of Andrew, in "seeking others, to bring them to Jesus." Their love of song is no less strong, but their songs are changed; for they delight in singing of the Saviour's love. There is hope even for the most degraded Alungu, for

The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the Eternal Light,
Through the **Eternal Love.**



CHAPTER VIII
INDUSTRIES OF DARK AFRICA

"Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Peace."—ISA. lx. 18.

"I came not to judge the world, but to save the world."—JOHN xii. 47.

"If any would not work, neither should he eat."—2 THESS. iii. 10.

CHAPTER VIII

INDUSTRIES OF DARK AFRICA

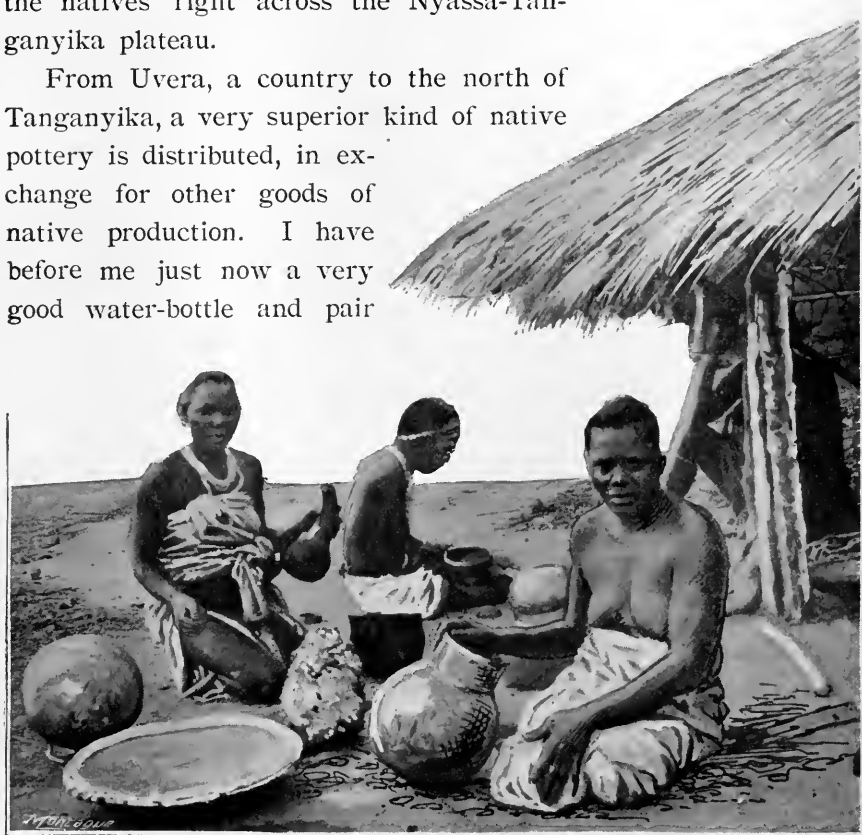
SAVAGE peoples are not necessarily destitute of trades and industries. Some of the Central African tribes who are sunk in the most degrading customs have, without the aid of Europeans, made considerable strides in the direction of native industries, utilizing the produce of their own country, and supplying their own requirements. The *Manyuema* people to the west of Tanganyika are cannibals of the most revolting kind; yet they are very skilful in iron work, and some of the specimens of their weapons I have in my possession are not only neatly and strongly made, but are also very artistic. The people of the Katanga country, near Lake Mwero, have developed an industry in copper, having learned to dig the ore from a range of hills, to smelt it, and to work it into all kinds of ornaments and useful things that will pass as currency or barter-goods amongst any of the tribes even at a distance.

The Lubans of the Congo Free State are famous for their skill in carving. The images, stools, bowls, pillars, and other articles which they have carved in a great many different designs are really wonderful, when we think that the only tools they use are a rude axe and a knife.

The Atowa people, our neighbours of the south-west district of Tanganyika, have an extensive industry in the production of a coarse salt. In their country there are localities where salt pans

abound. These so-called "pans" are marshy lands where the soil is impregnated with salt. The soil is washed to make the salt in solution; the muddy water is filtered through funnels of leaves and fibre to take away the dirt; the cleansed water is poured into native earthenware vessels and placed in the sun for evaporation to take place, when a dirty salt is left behind. This is made up into loads of from twenty-five to fifty pounds, and is a regular article of barter amongst the natives right across the Nyassa-Tanganyika plateau.

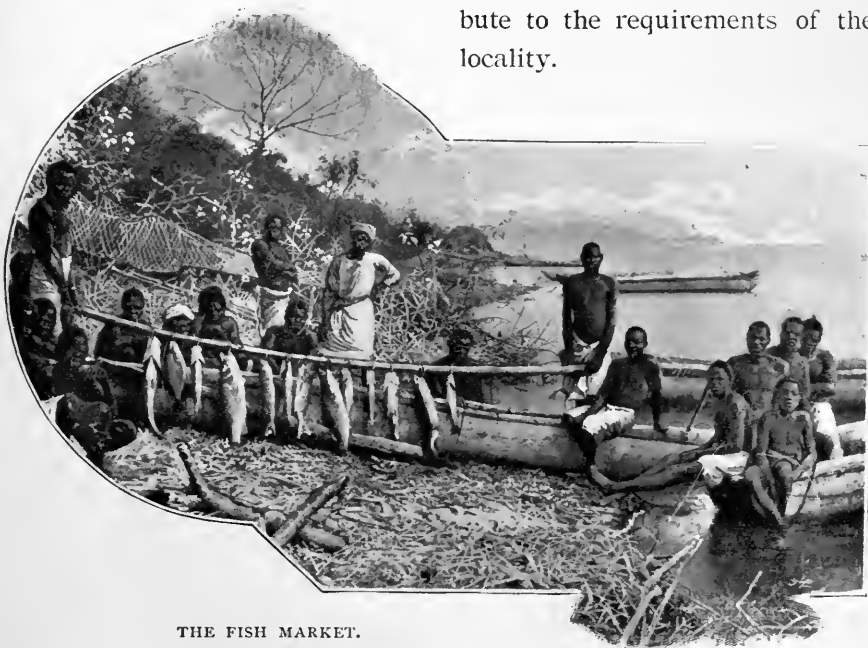
From Uvera, a country to the north of Tanganyika, a very superior kind of native pottery is distributed, in exchange for other goods of native production. I have before me just now a very good water-bottle and pair



NATIVE POTTERS AT WORK.

of drinking cups that were brought from that neighbourhood. It is reported that in some districts where the best kinds of clay for this purpose are found, large pottery industries exist.

Much might be written of the various kinds of work carried on around Lake Tanganyika, for upon its thousand miles of coast ten different tribes dwell and contribute to the requirements of the locality.



THE FISH MARKET.

We are specially interested in considering the work of the Amambwe-Alungu people, amongst whom our Mission work is carried on, so if you will accompany me I will introduce you to some of my dusky friends of South Tanganyika, who are engaged in native trades. Here is a native friend whom I much respect. His name is Katila. He has worked with his father as a smelter of iron.

He will take us to one of the many old smelting furnaces we see dotted here and there in nearly every part of this district.

Katila has brought us to an old furnace, called by the natives *ilungu*. It is very rudimentary, being built of mud only. We have passed several on our way here, and we notice that they vary from a small one of three feet in diameter, up to a large one of seven feet, and in height they vary according to their other proportions, but are generally built from five to nine feet high. As we examine this furnace we see there are a number of small round holes near the bottom, and Katila informs us these are to make a draught, and to allow the slag to flow out into prepared moulds.

As you will be interested to learn how the work is done, I will explain. To prepare for smelting, a good layer of dry wood is first placed in the furnace to form a foundation for the fire. The iron ore is then put in from the top, and the iron smelter is careful to mix in with it a good quantity of charcoal. When the furnace is full the fire is kindled from the bottom, and if the draught is not sufficient, bellows made of goat skins are brought into use, but even with these the blast is generally very poor. The smelting process requires at least two days, sometimes three, and one smelting operation at which I was present required four days, but in this case the furnace was an exceptionally large one.

When the smelting process is about to be carried on, a great many curious things have to be done. A certain kind of native magic has to be put in the furnace to secure success. A large number of charms have to be placed around the furnace to ward off evil influences. The men engaged in the work must not during the time of smelting sleep in their own houses. If after all these precautions anything should go wrong, or the quantity of iron produced be exceeding small, the conclusion is that some evil person has a more



A NATIVE SMELTING FURNACE.

potent magic than the iron workers possessed, and that this more powerful charm has been used against the smelters to cause the smelting process to be a failure.

Having seen how the iron is produced, we will seek out one of my regular *machilla* men named Sikapula, who is a native smith. We have several of this trade at Kambole, and indeed one is found in nearly every Mambwe and Ulungu village. He is generally a person of importance in the village council, owing to the fact that he is a skilled workman. We arrive at Sikapula's hut, and we find him busy near by. The tools he is using are all his own manufacture. His anvil is a large hard stone specially selected because it possesses a flat surface on one side. It is sunk into the ground with the flat part uppermost, to form the face of the anvil. The large hammer for heavy work is also a selected stone, and the striker has to grasp it very firmly when he delivers a heavy blow. The small hammer is made of iron, and is generally of a conical shape like a marling spike. To a new-comer it is a cause of surprise that a skilled smith should make use of stones when he might make himself an anvil of iron, and a heavy hammer of the same material. It may be that experience has taught him that his iron is not suited for the purpose; at all events the African smith is far wiser to keep to his stone anvil and stone sledge-hammer, for his iron is so soft that the face of even his small conical-shaped hammer turns quickly. An anvil of soft iron would be much inferior to an anvil of hard stone.

The bellows are goat-skin, so taken off the animal as to leave the skin like a bag, open at the top. Near the bottom of the skin is a vent with bamboo pipe attached, to convey the blast to the fire. As the pipe is necessarily near the blaze, it has a thick clay coating and long nozzle as a protection. Two bellows are always used; generally one is placed each side the fire, and the smith's assistant

opens the mouth of the bag-like bellows each time he raises his hands, and by this means fills it with air. He then expels the air through the pipe and nozzle into the fire by closing the mouth of the skin, and pressing it down. This operation is repeated at every blast.

The material used as fuel is invariably charcoal, and the iron is worked when red hot. The Alungu smith can weld little things like small rods, but he is quite unable to make a good weld of two fair-



AN ALUNGU BLACKSMITH.

sized bars. Our friend, Sikapula, often does some really creditable work in the manufacture of such goods as garden hoes, axes, spear and arrow blades, and iron bracelets.

Iron work is the most important trade amongst the Alungu people on the hills; but down by the Lake shore where our Niamkolo station is situated, the chief industry is fishing, and the most dangerous is that of the hippopotamus hunter. The man in the picture is accus-

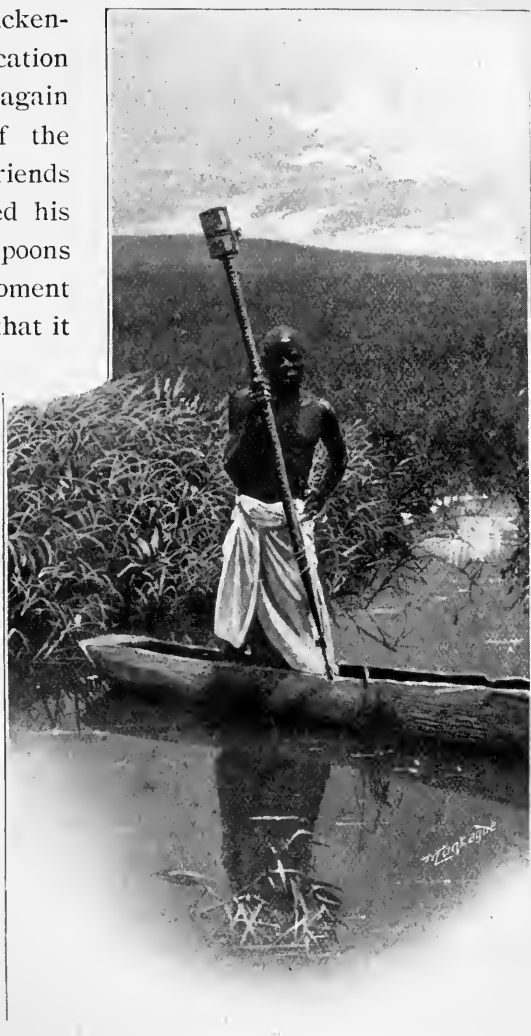
tomed to go out upon the lake in that frail dug-out canoe to hunt, and if possible to kill, the "river horse" in its own element. To do this he has to come to close quarters with his intended prize, because he is only armed with hand harpoons that are useless unless thrown but a short distance with considerable force. His weapon is a stout stick about five feet long with a cylinder-shaped pithwood float firmly fixed on the upper end, and on the lower a movable iron blade with a large barb protruding from its side. The purpose of the barb is that when the blade of the harpoon is plunged in the animal's body, it shall be held there. The pithwood float and the movable iron blade are connected by a long rope carefully wound round the stick.

In June, 1897, I saw an exciting hippopotamus hunt in Hore Bay, near Pambeté. Several canoes, each carrying two men, one of whom was armed with several harpoons, were propelled in the bay where a school of hippopotami were for the time being making their home. Each canoe-man used a paddle to send the canoe through the water, but they handled them so skilfully that they got quite near to a hippopotamus without disturbing it. The harpooner in the bow of the nearest canoe put down his paddle and stood erect ready to plunge his harpoon into the victim as soon as his companion the steersman brought the canoe a little nearer. When within a few yards of the unsuspecting hippopotamus, the harpoon was hurled with terrific force into the side of the animal, and both the canoe men back-paddled to get out of reach of the wounded beast. The blade of the harpoon was buried in the flesh and was held there by the long barb. The wounded animal sank at once to escape its pursuer, but the shaft of the harpoon slipped from its socket, the rope uncoiled, and the float rose to the surface of the lake. In a few minutes the hunter paddled up to the float, picked it up, and held the

rope taut, so that by its slackening he would have an indication when the animal was again coming to the surface of the water. The hunter's friends paddled near, and awaited his signal to plunge their harpoons into the animal, the moment they received the signal that it was rising. When the friends had delivered their harpoons the poor beast sank again, when the floats were gathered up and preparations were made for again spearing it.

At this point of the proceedings I had to continue my journey, but this process of spearing and backing would be repeated until the hippopotamus was weak from loss of blood and want of air. The hunters would then gather up the floats, wind several of the

ropes together, and drag the wounded animal towards the shore,



A HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNTER.

where, if it had not already succumbed, it would be speedily put to death. It is not an uncommon thing for one of the canoes to be seized by the wounded animal and crushed in its massive jaws. When this takes place the occupants are rarely hurt, as they, being expert swimmers, dive into the water and swim either to the shore or to one of the other canoes.

In addition to trades amongst the men there are industries amongst the women. Ordinary native pottery for household use, such as for cooking and carrying water, is made in most Ulungu villages, though certain places excel owing to the presence of better material. A special clay is used for this work, which seems to be most abundant in low-lying districts. It is generally of a reddish brown colour, though some of it is quite brick-red. It is usually hard and dry when dug out of the ground, but a little water and plenty of puddling makes it as pliable and easy to work as glazier's putty. Before a woman begins to mould and shape the clay into the form of a vessel, she breaks up a piece of a former baked-clay pot into minute pieces like dust and sand, and mixes a small proportion of this into the red clay. The women say they do this in order that the new vessel may not be so liable to crack when being sun-dried.

Having prepared her material, she spreads a few leaves outside her hut where the vessel is to be made, so that the moist clay shall not adhere to the ground. Upon these leaves she deposits a mass of clay, and with her hands moulds it into a circle the size and shape of the *nyungu* (earthenware pot) she is about to make. This is the base of her work, for to this she adds other small pieces of clay, and moulds the whole into shape until it resembles a bucket without a bottom. She now takes a piece of wood and begins to scrape the clay off the outside, to make the vessel thin and to smooth it over. At the

same time she smooths the inside with her hand, the palm being used as a support to the part subject to the scraping process. With her hands she then shapes the vessel, making the body to bulge out considerably beyond the rim. She possesses no turning wheel, she uses no moulds to fashion the vessel, and she has no tools except a piece of stick for scraping purposes. The fashioning of the vessel is done entirely by her hands, and the form is preserved by the eye alone, yet a *nyungu* of imperfect shape is rarely seen. There are few variations as to shape, the main difference being the width of the mouth. The usual *nyungu* has a very wide mouth and no neck, simply a broad rim. The sides bulge out in a nice curve and go round to form a circular bottom.

When the vessel is completely formed, the woman generally likes to add a little ornamental work. This is done by using a sharp piece of stick and scratching a fancy design in the soft clay. The Alungu woman lacks originality, so she invariably makes a band a few inches wide, a little below the upper rim. In this band she scratches one of three designs, it may be the herring-bone pattern, or that of the dot-punch, or the imitation basket-work.

When this is done the vessel is carefully sun-dried by being left for a day or two in a safe place near the house. After this, it is carried outside the village and placed in the midst of a wood-fire, mouth downwards, until it is thoroughly baked.

We have seen how the natives produce iron and from it supply their need for weapons, garden implements, and ornaments; how they obtain meat by hunting, to make a change from, and a relish with, their food, which generally consists of garden produce; also how they supply their household requirements by the manufacture of rude pottery for carrying water and for cooking utensils. If we now look at the way the Central African savage can supply his own

material for clothing, we shall see how he has been able to provide for all his simple wants.

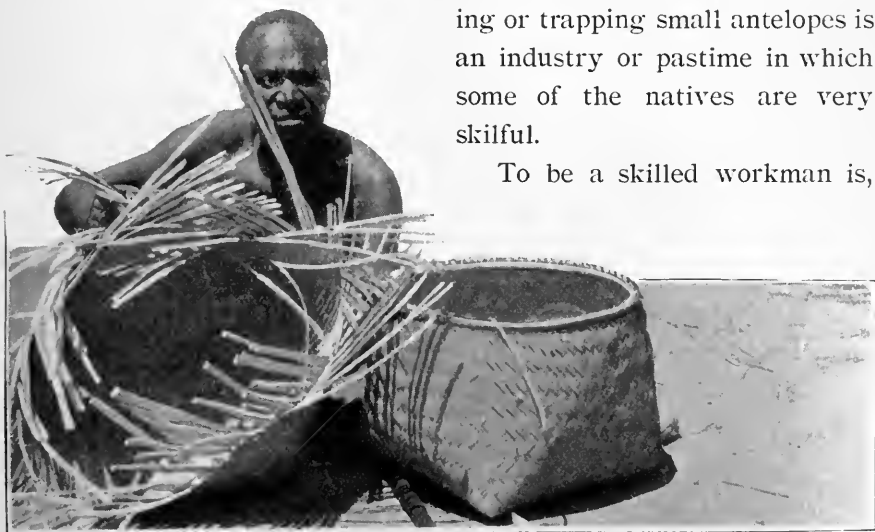
There are quite a number of old men in Kambole who understand the manufacture of *bark-cloth*, and several of them occasionally engage in this occupation at the present time. One of these, an old man named Katieri, is very talkative, and was pleased to explain to me how he makes the bark-cloth. There are certain trees that are specially suited to provide material for this cloth, because they have a smooth bark, free from knots and twisted grain. Katieri, having found one of these trees, would make a long incision down the bark of the tree, from as high as he could reach to the ground, and would make a circular cut *round* the tree above and below the incision. A gentle hammering upon the bark all round will loosen it from the trunk, and Katieri is soon the possessor of a strip of bark in width dependent upon the circumference of the tree, but in length five or six feet. This he would carry home and leave in the sun for several days for the sap to be quite dried out of it. It would then be soaked for several days in a pool or marsh to make it soft and pulpy, when the material is fit for manufacture.

Katieri showed me the only tool he required in this work. It was a wooden mallet made the shape of a native axe, but with a flat face, cut into grooves, so that when beating the pulpy bark it will not cut the grain or fibre. He takes his soaked piece of bark to a log to act as a kind of bench, spreads out the bark to get it free from twists, then folds it into several thicknesses and begins to beat it. He continues this hammering operation until the several folds are beaten into one thickness, when he stretches out the piece and leaves it in the sun to dry; this is bark-cloth. It is usually manufactured in pieces about eighteen inches by twelve, but a number of these pieces can be sewn together, so that the native can make a cloth any size he

pleases. This material is cheap, so it is within the reach of all, and many of the natives who have been unable to get trade calico look neat and respectable with bark-cloth.

I have only dealt with *specimen industries*. In addition to those described, there is an extensive fishing industry along the Lake shores, and in connexion with this a great deal of fish-drying is carried on to supply an article of barter. To meet the needs of the fishermen there are "*fundi*," or skilled men to hollow out canoes (i.e. to make them out of a solid log). A few Alungu people are engaged in the work of collecting raw cotton from the cotton trees, spinning it into thread, and then weaving the thread, by means of a primitive loom, into a coarse but very durable native cloth. Baskets of various kinds, and for many purposes, are made, in every Alungu village, from jungle grass, from reeds, from split cane, and from pliable willow-like twigs. Hunting or trapping small antelopes is an industry or pastime in which some of the natives are very skilful.

To be a skilled workman is,



A BASKET-WEAVER.

however, the privilege of but few people amongst the masses. So exceptional is he that by virtue of his skill he has the right to take part in the village councils. In our Central African Mission we have started several industries to assist the people, and we find this department an invaluable help to our work. A trade improves the status of the young natives, so that when they speak their words have greater weight. It increases their wealth and thereby enables them to add to their decency. It raises them intellectually by giving them food for thought. It gives ballast to their character by keeping them steadily employed. It makes them better citizens and more useful to the community. It gives us a great influence with them, as can be shown by the fact that most of our brightest Christian boys, and every one of our Christian teachers, are from amongst those who have been under the daily influence of the missionary in some section of our industrial work.

CHAPTER IX

SOCIAL CUSTOMS OF DARK AFRICA

"They did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage."—LUKE xvii. 27.

"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."—
I COR. xv. 32.

"Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time . . . ; but I say unto you . . ."—MATT. v. 33.

CHAPTER IX

SOCIAL CUSTOMS OF DARK AFRICA

SHALL we take an imaginary walk together through the village, and see what we can learn of the native habits? In moving amongst the people we must be careful not to appear too curious about their ways, for the natives—who are somewhat shy and nervous where we white people are concerned—would then cease their work and retire into their houses.

As we journey to the gateway between the Mission enclosure and the native village, we pass several persons and we notice how very polite they are. They always speak to us, and at the same time make a kind of bowing curtsy, accompanied by the clapping of hands. Clapping the hands in various ways and degrees is the polite way of saying "Good morning," and the Alungu is very careful that he does it in the right way. He has different forms of etiquette to observe, and different salutations to make to persons of different rank. When two relations or near friends meet they walk towards each other, put their arms round each other's body, generally round the chest, and stoop like a curtsy; they then remove their arms, and the younger claps his hands together about the level of his knees, and says "*Kuku*" ("My grandfather"); the elder replies, "*Tata Witu*" ("Thank you.")

Two Alungu who are of equal rank, when they meet, make a stooping bow towards each other, clap their hands, and use words of

salutation according to the closeness of their acquaintance or friendship. The most common words of greeting between equals are:—



"HOW DO YOU DO?"

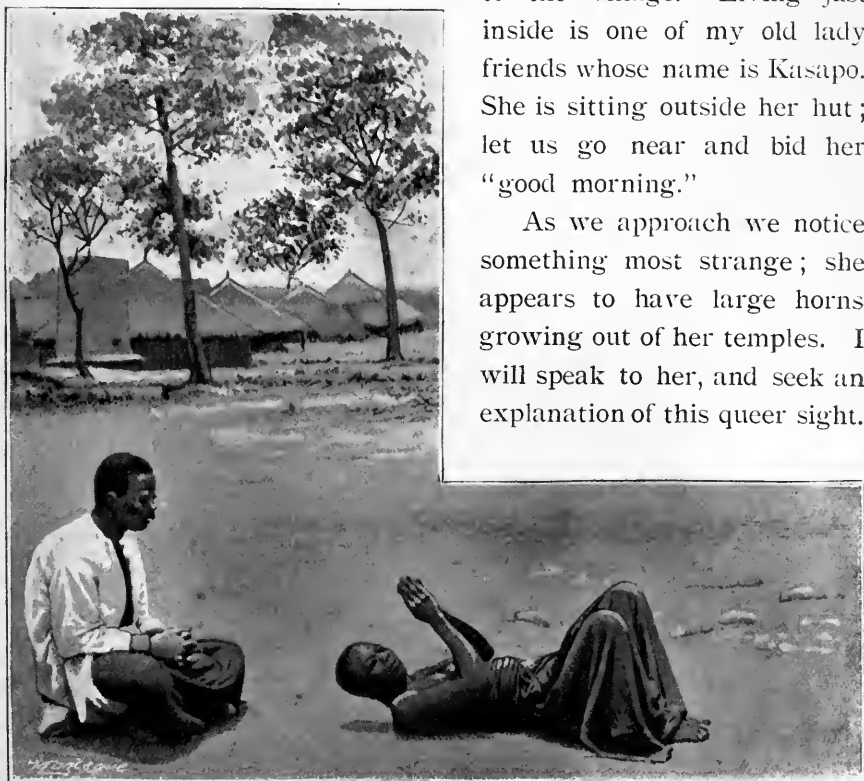
Wapola? ("Are you well?") *Tata witu* ("Yes, thank you"). *Wabya ningo?* ("Do you eat well?"). *Ndi makia* ("Yes, sir.")

When a native is in the presence of a big chief he must salute

him before he dares to address him. This salutation is quite ludicrous; for whether the ground be wet or dry the inferior must turn his back to the chief, lie upon his back on the ground, clap his hands over his head towards the chief, and make a peculiar kissing sound with his lips; he then gets up and salutes in the usual manner, and with the usual greeting, only prefixing it with "*Mwene Mukuru*" ("Great Chief").

We have now reached the gateway that is the most direct entrance to the village. Living just inside is one of my old lady friends whose name is Kasapo. She is sitting outside her hut; let us go near and bid her "good morning."

As we approach we notice something most strange; she appears to have large horns growing out of her temples. I will speak to her, and seek an explanation of this queer sight.



SALUTING A CHIEF.

"*Wapola, Kasapo?*" ("Are you well, Kasapo?")

"*Awe mfunu, mutwe Knaye*" ("No, sir; my head pains me").

"What are these strange things on your temples, Kasapo?"

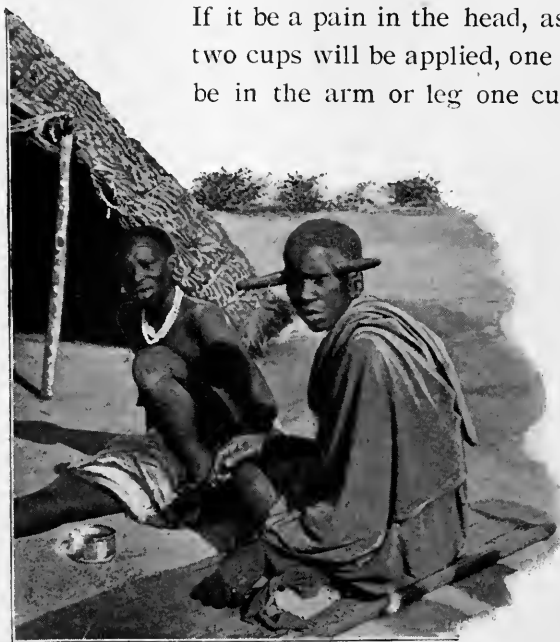
"They are *Viomvwe* (bleeding horns)." And then Kasapo retires into the house.

As we continue our walk, I will explain to you the custom we have just noticed, for this practice of cupping, or bleeding, to cure pains in the head or limbs, is in great repute amongst the Amambwe and Alungu people. In fact it may be said to be very popular amongst all the Central African tribes.

When a person is troubled with an acute pain, she will call in a friend or relation to apply the cups for bleeding to the affected parts.

If it be a pain in the head, as in the case of Kasapo, two cups will be applied, one to each temple; but if it be in the arm or leg one cup seems to be sufficient.

The horn used for bleeding, called by the natives, "*K'iomvwe*" (plural, *Viomvwe*), is usually the pointed part of the horn of an ox, but it may be made from any antelope horn, if sufficiently large. At the pointed end a small hole is bored, and the cup-shaped instrument is ready for use. When the friend of the suffering person has arrived



WOMAN WITH "BLEEDING HORNS."

the operation begins. Two or three cuts are made with the point of an arrow where the blood is to be drawn. The base of the horn is then firmly pressed over the incisions, and the friend puts a piece of beeswax in her mouth. She then proceeds to suck hard at the small hole, with a three-fold object—to exhaust the air in the cups, to draw blood to the surface of the cut skin, and to make the flesh rise slightly into the cup. When this is done, the proper moment has arrived for the acting surgeon (the friend) to plug up the small hole with the beeswax. This is placed in proper position by the tongue, and is pushed firmly in by the front teeth being pressed hard against it.

A few minutes is sufficient time for the *Kiomvwe* to do its work; it is then removed, and is always found to have drawn a small quantity of blood. It is customary to put this into water in a native basin, and throw it on the ground a short distance from any house.

Now, do you see anything around us, you would like to ask about?

"Yes, look what a strange sight that woman's back presents; what is the cause of it?" (*See page 151.*)

Do you mean all those strange parallel lines and zig-zag markings? That is what we must call Central African tattooing. All natives go in for a certain amount of it, but few of them are as profusely tattooed as the woman whose back you have just noticed.

In order to show you the use the natives make of tattooing, I will call those boys who are playing near the gateway and have a talk with them, for my cow-boy, Kangwi, is with them.

Now look down Kangwi's face, and you will see he has a line tattooed across his face from the ear to the corner of the eye, and a perpendicular line down the centre of his forehead; these show he is an Awemba boy. Look at his little companion; he has three lines tattooed down his temples, that show him to be an Alungu boy. Had he been an Amambwe, two such lines would have sufficed.

All the South Tanganyika tribes have some small lines of tattooing upon them, for this is their method of making their tribal mark. In a small degree these marks are therefore a kind of native heraldry, and answer the same distinguishing purpose that the Highland tartan does amongst the Highland clans.

This tattooing is not the same kind as we are accustomed to see upon soldiers' and sailors' arms. The Central African does not tattoo with a needle ; he raises weals or scars by making small wounds with the point of a sharp instrument, such as a knife or arrow-head. Into these small incisions he rubs powdered charcoal, to cause the flesh to stand up prominently, and to give the scar when healed a bluish colour. These tribal marks are put upon small boys and girls, but in order to lessen the pain, which is usually very considerable, only a few pieces of flesh are raised at one time, and not until these are healed are more incisions made. Thus it often takes three or four operations to complete the tribal mark on small children, but when it is renewed on adults it is usually all done at one time. After this operation it is usual for a native to complain of feeling unwell for several days.

Alungu tattooing is not usually a work of art, though in some cases lines and geometric figures are made about the body, as we have seen on the woman's back, simply for ornamentation and to improve the general appearance. Tattooed lines are more commonly seen on the front of a woman, but the back is the favourite place for a man.

By this time, as we have continued walking, we have reached the far side of the village, where some of the oldest of the villagers live. We notice a quiver hanging outside the door of a house, and as we are seeking knowledge, we will look into it. Its contents consist of several iron-bladed arrows, which are to use when shooting at animals; two arrows with wooden points, for killing birds; and a hollow reed, to suck up a native drink called pombe.

Then here are two sticks and a small piece of rag; what can they be for? These are the native fire-sticks. Matches and other civilized means of producing fire are beyond the reach of the Alungu, so



TATTOO MARKS ON BACK.

they have to resort to a much more primitive and troublesome mode of obtaining a spark. As you may not know how fire-sticks are worked, I had better describe the sticks and their use. The sticks

are two in number, one being a flat piece nine or ten inches long with a small hole or notch cut in one side, whilst the second stick is a round piece about as thick as a lead pencil and fully eighteen inches long. This long piece is used as a drill by being inserted into the notch cut in the flat piece, and then drilled or twirled between the palms of the hand. Before the native begins to use the drill stick, he sprinkles a few grains of sand into the notch of the flat piece to ensure friction, and holds it tightly on the ground with his toes. He then inserts the round stick, holds it in a perpendicular position and begins the drilling process. If the conditions are favourable, in a few minutes a little smoke will appear, and then a small spark will fall upon the dry cloth, used by the natives as tinder, and it begins to smoulder. The kindled tinder is then put into a bunch of dry leaves, and as the native is an expert in gently blowing a single spark into a flame, he very soon has a wood fire burning merrily.

The Alungu does not use a fire-drill in his ordinary village life, for he has easier methods than that for lighting a fire in his house. When he awakes in the morning his first act is to seek a few live embers from the fire of the evening before. If one is not to be found, he will seek a few red-hot embers from the fire of a neighbour, and from these kindle his own. If he goes from home to his garden, he will carry with him a burning brand. When he goes on a long journey, and he knows villages are every few miles, he trusts to get a burning stick from one of the houses by the way. When going on a long journey, if there are no villages at convenient distances, he will carry a red-hot ember tightly wrapped in a piece of bark-cloth; this will smoulder, but not burn quickly, so the native then has the means of igniting a fire at any point on his journey.

The reason why natives resort to these devices instead of depending upon their fire-sticks, is because it is not always an easy

thing to produce fire by friction, even in the dry season, and in the wet season it becomes almost an impossibility to ignite wet leaves and wood from a small spark.

Many kinds of wood make good fire-sticks, but the wood of the *musogo* and *muto* trees is considered best for the purpose.

No doubt you will be tired of walking about the village; but if you care to take a chair under the verandah, I will tell you of the wedding customs and burial customs of these people.

The wedding ceremony is rather interesting; but as this has been preceded by a time of betrothal, I had better start at the beginning. The Alungu are lacking in the feeling exhibited by the English people before marriage, during the period we call courtship. It may be said that these people have nothing corresponding to it, for it is not the duty of the man to win the woman's affections and so obtain her consent to become his bride. She becomes his wife by right of purchase.

When a young man desires to marry, he will look out for a girl whom he would like to make his wife. Either he, or one of his friends on his behalf, will then enter into negotiations with the girl's parents, with a view to purchase. The parents will consider the matter, not in the light of the character of the man desiring to become their son-in-law, but in the light of the amount of property he is willing to hand over to them in exchange for their daughter. The price paid by men for their wives varies considerably according to the social rank of the family of the girl. If she belongs to a family of average social rank and moderate wealth the price paid is ten goats, or ten cloths of native manufacture, equal in value to forty yards of English calico. But if she is a slave, or connected with an insignificant family, the price might be rather less. If she is the daughter of a Chief, the price might be increased two or three-fold.

When the price has been fixed the young man is supposed to pay down part of the price, usually half the amount required, and the young people are considered betrothed. The time the engagement extends is not definitely fixed by custom, but it usually lasts from three to six months, and during this period the young couple are not supposed to meet or to converse together.

The time having arrived when the marriage ceremony is to be celebrated, the young man must hand over to the girl's parents the remainder of the price agreed upon ; then the friends are called in to take part in the festivity.

The ceremony begins the day before the actual wedding, by the female friends of the young couple parading the village, accompanied by a large following of young girls. They sing and dance as they go, each of them carrying a branch of a tree, or a willow wand, which is held in the air as they journey along. At each corner of the village, and at short distances between, they stop and beat the air with their willow branches, clap their hands and shout. This, I have been told, is to drive away evil spirits from the village, so that the young couple may not be injured by demon influences on the day of their marriage.

On the day, and at the time arranged for the real ceremony, the bride and bridegroom parade the village, but each of them has a separate procession. The bridegroom, who may be any age over fifteen years, goes the round of the village with his body profusely oiled all over, usually with castor oil, and his face covered with a red grease. He wears the best cloth he possesses round his loins, and a small bell hangs under his left arm, being suspended over his right shoulder by a long piece of otter fur. This bell is a charm to drive away evil spirits. In his right hand he carries a switch made of the tail of a zebra, giraffe, or buffalo, and in his left hand he holds

his spear and his bow and arrows. As he proceeds on his way, accompanied by his friends, they sing and clap their hands, and he dances in native style, turning himself round and round upon his heels, at the same time lifting his left hand, with his weapons of



THE BRIDE'S PROCESSION.

defence, high in the air, and with his right hand he beats the switch to and fro in a very fantastic fashion.

While the bridegroom is parading in one direction, the bride's procession is moving forward in another part. The bride, who is a young girl from eight to fourteen years of age, also has her body glistening with castor oil. She parades the village, riding on the shoulders of a female friend, and her head is usually bent so low that

she hides her face. She is accompanied by many friends, some carrying articles for household use.

The two parties meet at one of the gates of the village, and a united procession is formed for the return home. Some of the friends walk at the front ; of these, one carries a bamboo mat for the young couple to sleep on, another a basket containing native corn, and two others a stool each. These things are to represent all the articles the young couple really need in the house.

When the house is reached, the bride sits upon a mat on the ground outside the hut, while the bridegroom sits upon a stool. He puts his spear and arrows in her hand, and she appears to receive them very reluctantly. He gives her a present of beads, and a number of little courtesies are exchanged, and a friendship seems to be established between them. The friends now form a circle and begin a dance, accompanied by a sort of native chant, whilst an old lady, the mistress of the ceremony, makes a small mound outside the house, and on it lays a piece of horn, and other things regarded as charms, to ensure the well-being and protection of the newly married couple.

Out of the marriage a very curious custom arises. The bridegroom has not only changed his relationship to the bride's parents by becoming their son-in-law instead of a friend ; he must also change his conduct, more particularly towards his mother-in-law ; the young husband would be guilty of a serious breach of Alungu etiquette if he at any time looked upon or spoke to his mother-in-law. If while walking out in the village he should chance to see her in the distance, native custom demands that he shall take a circular course to avoid meeting her. If he were to disregard this practice, and continue on his way towards her, there is no doubt she would herself turn round and walk back the way she was coming rather than meet

him. Owing to this custom it is no unusual thing to see a young native hide himself in the long grass or behind the trunk of a tree until his mother-in-law has passed by, along the jungle path. This practice is binding upon the young husband until he can go to the mother-in-law and hand to her a little grandchild. This event is so pleasing to the newly-made grandmother, that all the former restraint is abolished and the son-in-law and mother-in-law may become very intimate friends, for he may now look upon her and converse with her whenever he is so inclined.

The burial customs of the Alungu are very similar to those of all the tribes of the South Tanganyika regions. The people may be said to begin the funeral ceremony before the person is dead, for when any one is thought to be dying, the friends from the surrounding huts will join the relations, and together they will set up a most unearthly howling. This mourning for the dying may have continued for some time; if the patient revives, the mourning will then cease. If, however, the patient is very ill, the friends will stay in order to join in the mourning when death does take place.

After a person is dead preparations are immediately made for the burial. The body is made ready for the winding sheet, the knees being bent towards the chin, and the arms being bent at the elbow, so that the hands are upon the chest, but not crossed. In this position the body is tied up in a mat, or wrapped up in bark-cloth or a piece of calico. These preparations being complete, as the funeral follows speedily upon death, several friends go off with a hoe and select a spot, and then take turns in digging the grave. When they return, the body is tied and slung to a long pole; one friend bears it before, another behind; and it is carried in this manner to the grave, with a number of the relatives and friends following behind, chanting a funeral dirge. Two persons get into the grave, to loosen the

corpse, and place it in position ; the body, still in the bent-up position, is laid on its side. A little flour, a few beads, and a little tobacco are often placed in the grave ; then a friend will step forward and talk of the might and skill and goodness of the deceased. This eulogy is



WIDOWS IN MOURNING.

not spoken to or for the benefit of the living standing around the grave, but is addressed to the dead. The earth is then filled in, the friends giving some assistance, and the party prepares to leave. If it has been a woman's funeral, then the chief mourner is a woman, and

she walks back from the grave with her head bowed, and her hands on the shoulders of a woman preceding her.

Outside the house of the deceased a sign is set to tell all passers-by that a death has occurred there. A native axe and a hoe are placed a little distance from the door, and are crossed, to show that for the deceased person there is to be no more hoeing of the garden and no more cutting of wood.

The friends of the deceased, to show that they are in mourning, wear a band of *lagusa*, the inner bark of a tree, round their heads for about a month.

In the unsubdued parts of Central Africa massacres take place at the graves of chiefs and important persons, but the above is the method of burial of an ordinary individual amongst the Alungu.

CHAPTER X

TRAVELLING AND SCENERY IN DARK AFRICA

"He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth."—Ps. lxxii. 8.

"And Jesus went about all the cities and villages . . . preaching the gospel of the Kingdom and healing all manner of sickness and disease among the people."—MATT. ix. 35.

"And Jesus said unto them, Let us go into the next towns, for therefore came I forth."—MARK i. 38.

CHAPTER X

TRAVELLING AND SCENERY IN DARK AFRICA

IN Central Africa a few days' journey means far more work in preparation than any person at home would imagine. We have no trains and no wheeled vehicles, so we have to make use of native carriers, who have to be engaged the day before if we desire to make an early start. We must take a tent, boxes containing clothes, bundles of barter goods, an assortment of provisions, baskets containing the cooking utensils and crockery, a camp-table and chair, and sundry other necessities too many to enumerate. These things having been looked out and arranged, the men must be found to carry them. If they have been previously told of the journey, they come up in numbers to enrol themselves as carriers. They are lined up like a company of soldiers, and our first work is to pick out the strongest and biggest to be our *machilla-men*,—that is to carry us in our hammocks when we are tired, or all the way if we should fall sick.

Next comes the work of taking down the names of the men. This is sometimes amusing, for their names are often very comical. Some common names are—Pemba Moto ('Light a fire'), Kiwerewese ('A fool'), Kipori ('A pig'), and many others perhaps even more peculiar.

Their names taken, each man is apportioned his load, and as far as possible they are uniform in weight. An Alungu never cares to carry a load of more than fifty to fifty-six pounds, and, with this

weight he will keep up a march of from fifteen to twenty miles daily. A professional African porter, who is a Wanyamwezi carrier, will take up a load of seventy or seventy-five pounds; but he will not march more than ten or twelve miles in the day. The favourite mode of carrying the load is to balance it on the head, keeping it steady by



THE REV. H. JOHNSON TRAVELLING IN A MACHILLA.

means of the hands, which are raised alternately, first left, then right.

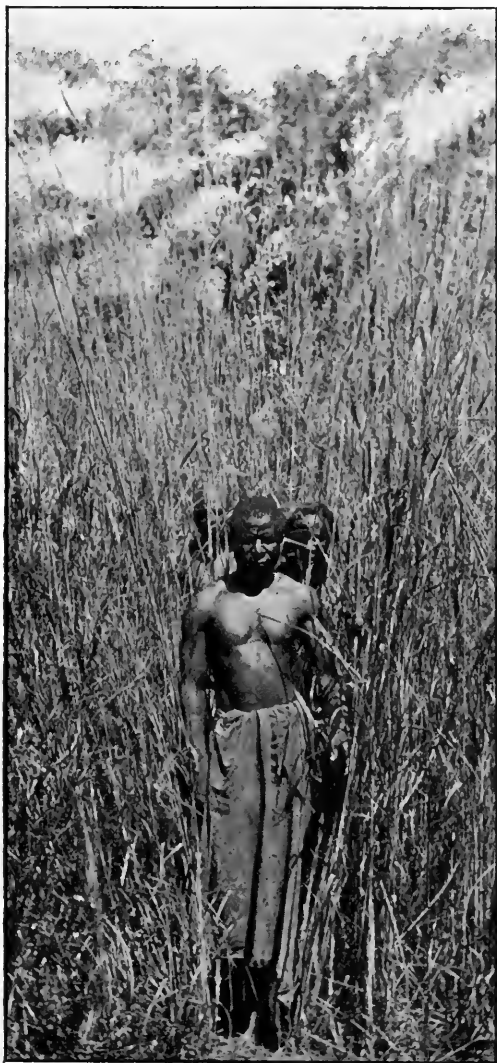
All the loads having been served out, and to each man a yard of calico given as 'food-cloth' for the journey, the men hurry off to their huts for their spears, bows, arrows, knob-kerries, and any other requirement. They soon return,—a few wearing bags made of the skin of an animal hung by a string across the shoulder, and worn at

the side. These contain their food-cloth, a few ornaments, and sundry other little treasures. When they take up their loads and begin the march, an overseer will strike up a caravan song, and they will all join in the refrain. We white men are walking behind with our *machilla* men.

On this occasion we are going for a few days' tour in the Liendwe Valley. Soon after leaving Kambole, we come to the end of the road that has been made by the missionaries, and begin to travel across the rough country. At this season of the year the plateau district is not at all remarkable for its beauty, for the whole level country is covered with gigantic grasses, varying from four to eight or nine feet in height, entirely obstructing the view, except in places where the ground has been brought under cultivation by the natives.

Our journey leads along a winding native path, where sometimes the men have to force their way through dense brush and rank grass, at other times turning aside to avoid a fallen tree or other obstacle. After about an hour's walking we come to the crest of the hill, overlooking the Liendwe Valley, but as there is a mist hanging over the valley we have not much of a view, although a great expanse of country is spread out before us. We pick our way down the hill, making a descent of probably a thousand feet, and taking the direction of a village where we hope to find a few of our friends.

On entering the village, which is stockaded after the general custom, we walk to the clear space in the centre. An intelligent little boy, destitute of clothes, brings a native stool for us to sit on. The chief comes and gives us a welcome, and the people gather to look at us and hear what we have to say. We begin a service by singing a hymn; then follow a prayer, a portion of Scripture and an address, another hymn—and our little service is closed with prayer. If there are any sick in the village, we give them medicines and



A NATIVE PATH.

of Kizizi. At this place we must be very careful, for it is a leper

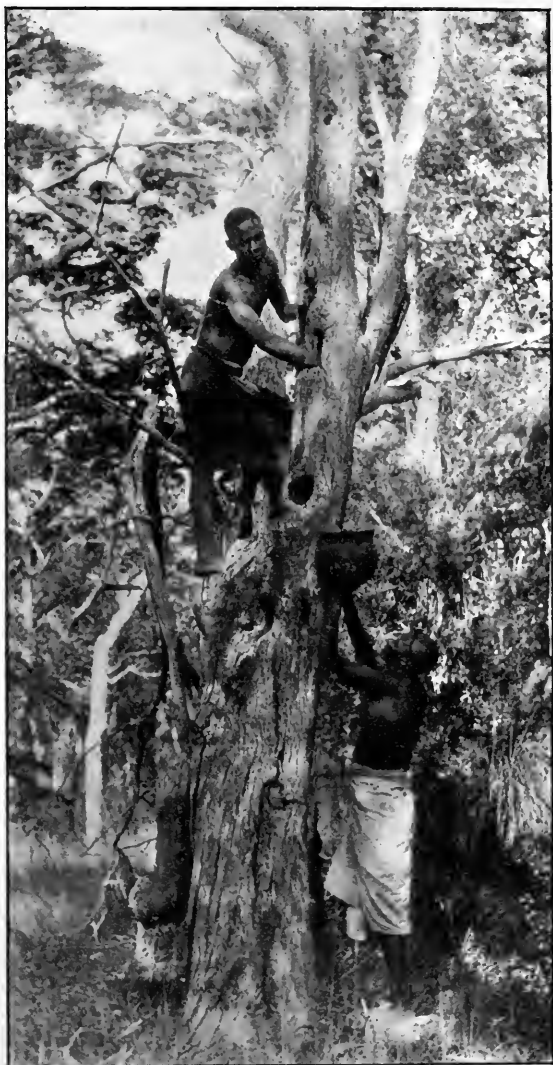
dress any wounds that may require attention. After a little friendly talk to the old people we proceed on our journey.

The path we are now following is very rough with rocks and sharp stones that hurt our feet, in spite of our thick boots; we wonder how our native helpers can walk bare-footed along the stones without making any complaint of being hurt. We know, however, from observation, that they can walk over hot cinders, or over thorny and stony ground without injury, for the soles of their feet have such thick skin that they are almost as comfortable when walking over rough ground as we are with boots to protect us.

After travelling along this road for about a mile we arrive at the village

village. There are only about eight inhabitants, but they are all afflicted. We sit down and have a talk with the poor creatures, read a portion of Scripture and give them a little address on the love of Jesus as shown in the cleansing of the lepers in the days of His earthly ministry. We hand them a little medicine for sundry small ailments and again we move on our journey.

We are walking through a very lovely country now, and in every direction our eyes rest upon beautiful palms of different kinds. Near the leper village we have just left the borassus palm lifts its head high into



GATHERING HONEY (*see page 168*).

the air, the straight trunk reaching a great height before it throws

out its umbrella-like crown. The deep green colour of the palm fronds stands out in striking contrast to the light blue sky. We cross a little stream that winds its way along the valley, and on either bank of the stream, and in most of the moist places, wild date palms are growing in abundance. They are very beautiful to look at, because their fronds are so vividly green, but they are useless for practical purposes, for I have never seen a *fruit-bearing* wild date palm.

After journeying about a mile from Kizizi we notice that several of the men have become very excited. We inquire the cause and are told that they have heard the call of the honeybird. This is interesting, and we desire to see the bird for ourselves. Soon one of the *machilla* men points out a bird of medium size, with light-coloured feathers on its breast, but darker colours on its back and wings. It is crying "*tweet, tweet, tweet,*" and evidently wants us to follow it. We tell two of the men they may follow its leading, and we will accompany them. They procure from one of the porters a native pot that has been carried for the purpose of cooking their food in the evening. The bird keeps a little distance ahead, but never gets out of sight. After about twenty minutes' walk it sits upon the branch of a tree and seems to be at its destination. The men then put the native pot on the ground, having first examined the tree, which proves to be hollow. They proceed to gather twigs and green grass and kindle a fire at the base of the tree in order to make a smoke to drive out the bees. Only a few of the bees are at home and these are soon driven out. The men then cut a hole in the trunk with their axe, but no honey is there; they cut a second hole higher up, but still with no success; a third hole is cut in another place, and here the honey is located. The hole is now enlarged to admit a man's hand, and a fine lot of honey is obtained as a reward for our labour.

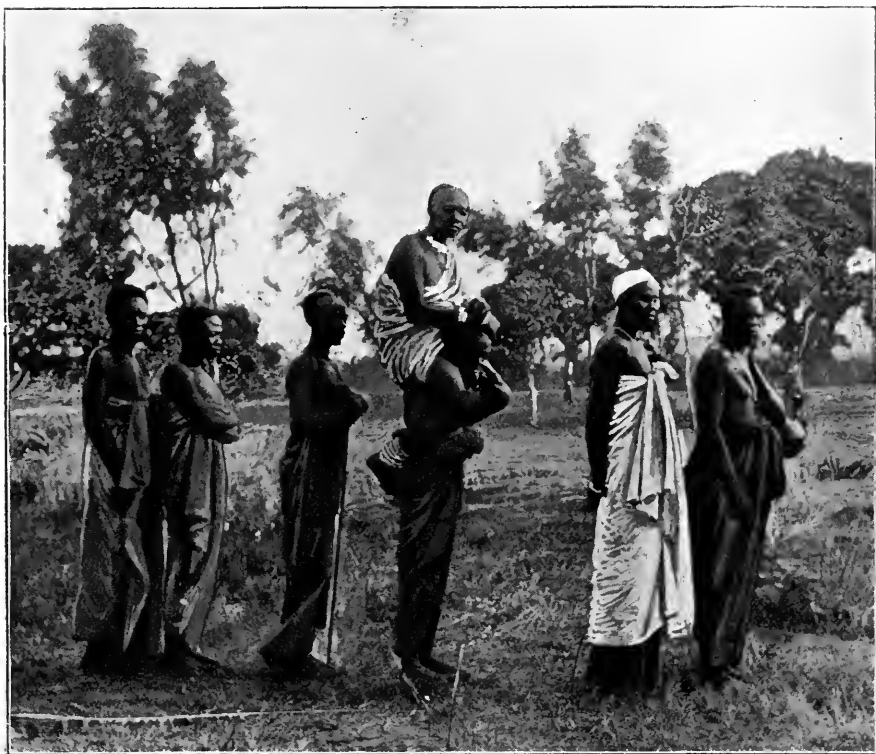
The honeybird is sitting on a neighbouring tree all this time, looking on. The men tell us it is a regular habit of this bird to find the hive of wild bees, and since it cannot get at the honey itself, it will first call, and then lead natives to the place so that they may get the honey. In so doing they drop fragments that are sufficient in quantity to give the honeybird and its friends a royal feast when the men have departed with their spoil.

We hasten back, carrying the honey with us, to the place where we had left our men. We expect them to be waiting there, but they are nowhere in sight. The two natives with us say they have gone on, and we proceed to follow. Soon we come to a place where the path divides; the path to the right is our direction, but the natives say that the men have taken the one to the left. We inquire how they know, and they point to a twig lying across the path which we desire to take; it is placed there to bar that way. Following up the men, we find all side-paths that might be wrongly taken marked by a stone, a twig, or a scratch made with a spear. In this way we hurry along and soon find the men resting beneath the shade of a big tree. They are near the next village where we are to hold a service, so are waiting for us to overtake them.

We enter the village and hold a bright, brief service, that seems to be thoroughly appreciated by those who have gathered to listen to us. We then have a little friendly talk with the chief and some of his old people. Several women bring their children, who are badly troubled with skin diseases, and we give them a special sulphur ointment, which we carry for that purpose. A few old people ask for medicine for pains in the limbs; and a young woman is led up that we may see her inflamed eyes.

We do what we can for all the sick; then, with thanks and salutations from the people, we proceed towards the next village, where we

intend to make our camp for the night. This is a place where we have established a small school, and we are met by the Christian youth Swepa, who is the teacher of the school, with a fair number of his pupils.



HOW A GREAT CHIEF TRAVELS.

After greetings with these kind friends we have to set about the work of making our camp. In the centre of the village there is a very large tree, and around it an open space, so we select this as the place for our tent to be erected. With a few bundles of grass to

serve as brooms, the ground is swept and any rubbish cleared away. The tent poles are brought forward by the bearer who has charge of them, the canvas is stretched out, and the *machilla* men help to lift up the tent ; so in a few minutes it is pitched, and the pegs are being driven into the ground to hold it securely against a storm. The camp beds are then unfolded, the rugs for bedding arranged, the mosquito net carefully tied round the bed, the little camp table is set up, and our camp stools brought out.

Whilst this has been going on, several of the carriers, told off for the special duty, have been outside the village to cut firewood. A native boy has unpacked the basket of cooking utensils and taken out the kettle, filled it with water and put it on the fire ; so that by the time we have pitched the tent and made everything right for the night a cup of tea is ready to refresh us whilst we wait for our evening meal to be prepared. Whilst we are drinking our tea, two of the elders of the village arrive, bringing us a fowl and a basket of native flour as a gift from the chief. This is the regular custom of South Tanganyika ; the head man of a village where a white man makes his camp, always brings or sends him a gift of food. The unfortunate thing about these presents is that they are not presents at all, since native etiquette demands that a return gift is necessary, and it is generally expected to be of far greater value than the fowl and flour !

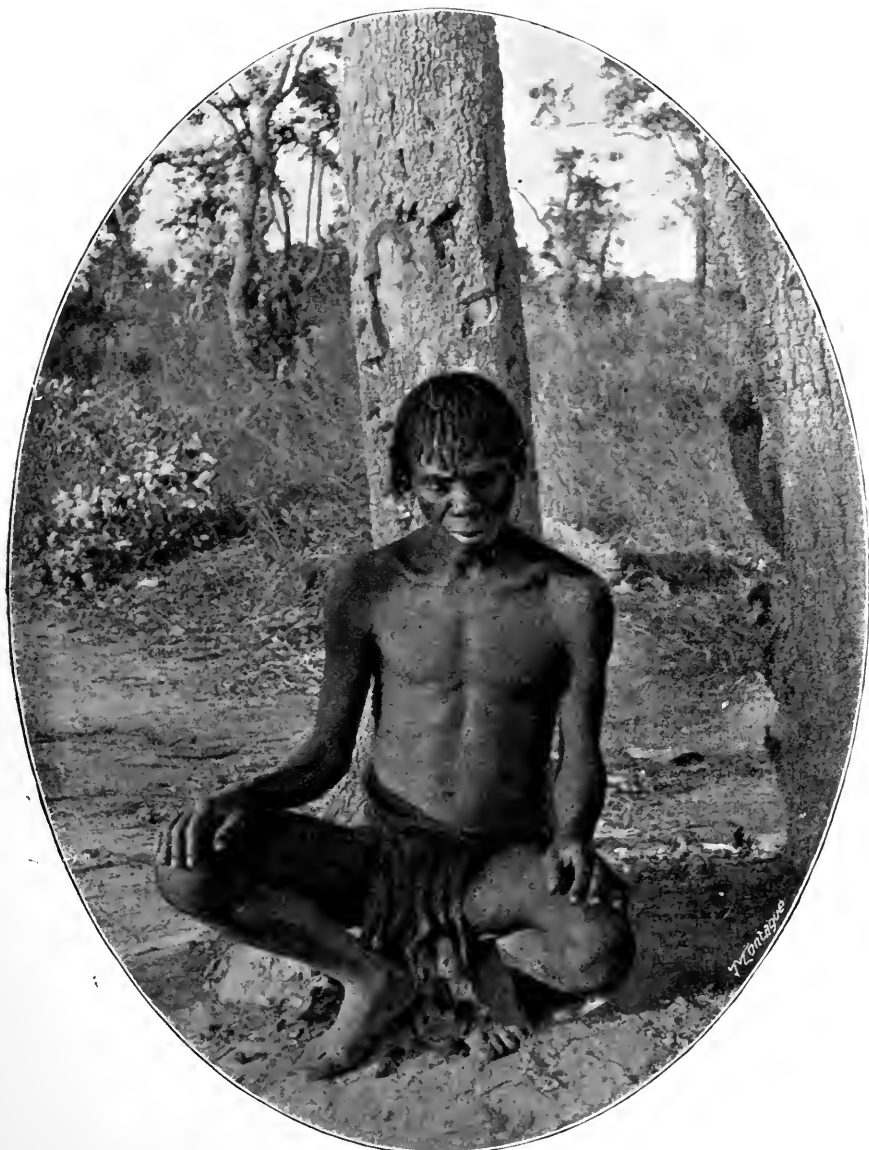
While we are travelling we have no means of getting a good meal during the day, so we have dinner at sunset. During the evening we bring out our magic lantern, fix up the lantern sheet, and when everything is ready, our boys begin to sing a hymn. A crowd quickly gathers, and we give them an address on the life of Jesus, illustrated by lantern pictures. Such services are very greatly appreciated, both by the children and their elders. The service over,

we sit and talk or read for a short time ; but as the mosquitoes are very troublesome in the Liendwe Valley, we soon seek refuge in our beds underneath the mosquito net. Even here we are disturbed, for a few mosquitoes have by some means got inside. A candle must be lighted and the mosquitoes hunted down, for there will be no sleep until they have been caught. Outside the net a perfect hum is kept up by the mosquitoes, attracted by the light of the candle. Soon, however, wearied with the journey of the day, we fall asleep, to dream of the homeland and the many friends we have left there. We rise in the morning with the first streak of light, for the stir and talk amongst our carriers arouse us from our sleep, even if we are not already awake.

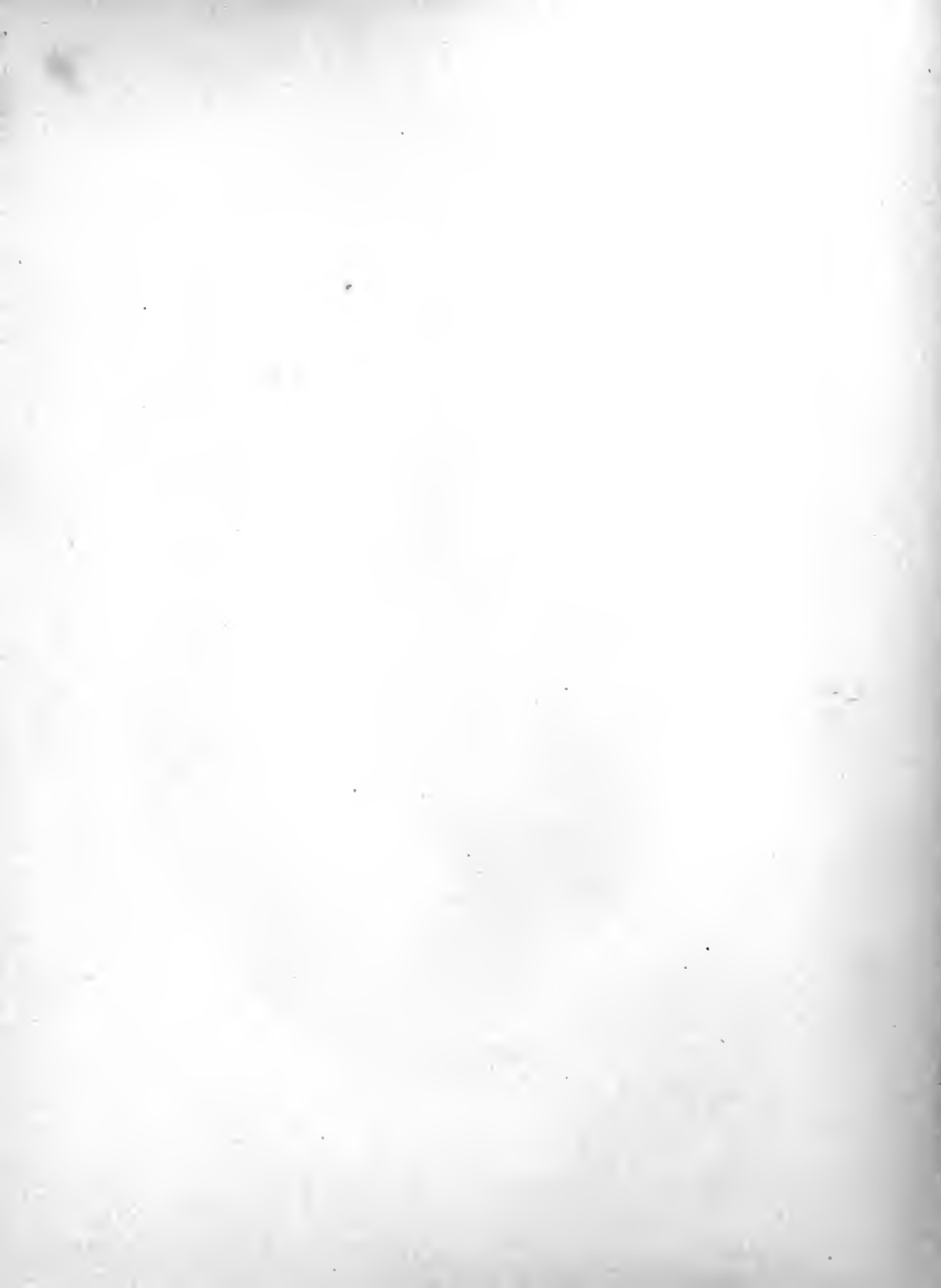
Much has to be done before we begin our journey. We have to visit the school, for it meets in the early morning. We must examine the scholars, make suggestions as to improvements in methods of teaching, listen to the various school requirements which the teacher is anxious to bring before our notice, and attend to a multitude of other duties.

Presently we start on another day's journey, escorted for a short distance by quite a number of the school children. Amongst other villages that we visit on this second day is one belonging to an Arab. Here a Mohammedan school is held, and instruction is regularly given in the Koran. Some of the natives go to prayer three times daily. Here the feast of Ramadan is celebrated, and the Arabs and native converts go through all the ritual of the religion of Islam.

This second day we also visit a village where cannibalism is still practised. When the people congregate for our little service, we see at once that they are not of the Alungu tribe. They are Lubans, a branch of the Manyema tribe, and they were brought into this country years ago as slaves. These people, when keeping any



A LUBAN (CANNIBAL).



festival or having any special feast, become possessed of a craving for human flesh, preferably that of dead bodies in a state of decomposition. At such times they will exhume and eat with evident relish bodies that have been in the grave for days and even for weeks. It was of these people that Dr. Livingstone wrote: "They are said to bury a dead body for a couple of days in the soil, and in that time, owing to the climate, it soon becomes putrid enough for the strongest stomach." Mr. Crawford, a missionary amongst these people to-day, writes: "The Lubans are cannibals. It is not uncommon to find a decapitated body tied to a bough by an ankle, bobbing up and down in the water, soaking for two days or more, after which it is boiled or roasted. The young men who are to feed on it come, wearing feathers and growling like lions, and saying, 'I am a lion and eat human flesh.' They consider they are doubly men after such a feast."

In the way described we journey on during the day, entering village after village, for we may visit in a few days over thirty villages lying in the Liendwe Valley. On our return we have to climb the plateau sides, making an ascent of about fifteen hundred feet.

What a picture is spread out before us from this hill top! Stretching away to one side of us there are ridges of hills, one towering above another, like so many steps. These ridges are covered with long waving grasses, dry and brown in colour. In the distance we see smoke rising up from the bush fires, for the natives, after they have gathered in as much long dry grass as they require for thatching purposes, set fire to the remainder. By day these bush fires are not worthy of notice, as the line of fire is simply marked by a column of smoke, such as we see from our present position. But at night the effect is indescribably grand. Upon the hill-sides and ridges you

see a long, moving line of fire, sometimes resembling a mountain of flames, and sometimes appearing in a zigzag form like a huge fire-work display.

From our position on the hill-top we can see Lake Tanganyika. The sky, which is of a lovely blue, joins the shining waters of the lake, and they blend together so perfectly that it is hard to tell where the one ends and the other begins. How long and lovingly our thoughts go to those seventeen noble L.M.S. missionaries who have willingly laid down their lives in an endeavour to evangelize the natives living around the shores of this inland sea. Inland "sea" it is, in truth, for the length of Lake Tanganyika is equal to the length of England, from Berwick-on-Tweed to Land's-end. Its waters cover an area nearly twice the size of Wales; and its coast-line is almost equal to that of Ireland. It is the largest fresh-water lake in the world, being about seventy-five miles longer than Lake Michigan. Its waters are supplied by a hundred and twenty rivers and streams, that pour themselves into its bosom every few miles round its shores. It is surrounded on all sides by high plateaus or table-lands, some of them rising to five thousand feet above the lake level.

The scenery before us is very grand and enchanting; but pleasant as it is to sit and meditate about the lake that spreads itself out to our view, we cannot stay longer. We are rested after our climb up the hill, and must journey the remaining three miles across the plateau country.

The surroundings become very familiar to us as we are nearing home again. The men have become very noisy. They leap in the air, and dance as they journey along, loudly chanting one of their favourite songs of the goodness of the white men. From the elevation where we now stand we look across the little valley through which the Kambole stream flows, and we see our Mission Station in

the distance. As we draw near, how beautiful the surroundings look to us! In the front of the village grows a large grove of raphia palms. This is the prettiest of all the palms, for it has less trunk and more foliage. It somewhat resembles a tree-fern, for the trunk



RAPHIA PALMS.

is never very tall, and it throws out beautifully green, graceful fronds that incline at different angles to the stem, whilst others rise up into the air, so that the foliage shows itself as a semicircle of green against the sky.

As we enter the village, the women rush from their houses to

express their joy at our return. We also are glad to be home again, for though it is blessed work to itinerate amongst the villages, it is very wearying, and we are bound to feel, as we enter our Mission premises, that even in Central Africa, "there is no place like home."

CHAPTER XI
THE WOMEN AND GIRLS OF DARK AFRICA

*"Both young men and maidens, old men and children,
let them praise the name of the Lord."*—Ps. cxlviii.
12, 13.

*"Jesus said to the woman, Thy faith hath saved thee,
go in peace."*—LUKE vii. 50.

"Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy."—
ACTS ii. 17.

CHAPTER XI

THE WOMEN AND GIRLS OF DARK AFRICA

HARK! the village drum is sounding to call the people to service. It is Sunday morning, and I wish you to accompany me to the native chapel, for I should like to introduce you to that important element of the Alungu nation—the women and girls.

“*Wanda ina Mulungu*”—“the day of God”—has become generally recognized around our districts as a day on which the people ought to attend God’s house. Many of the women will attend the service, and you may depend upon it they will come attired in their best.

As we enter the building, we see there is a congregation of nearly five hundred worshippers, of whom more than three hundred are women and girls. Before we take note of their apparel and ornaments we will look at the ladies themselves. The young women we see entering the building just now are quite remarkable for their upright carriage and for the symmetry of their figure. Their features are scarcely what we should call handsome, although there is a certain beauty in the face, due to a very pleasant and good-natured expression. As we look around we notice that they are fair specimens of the young women, but that they are vastly different from the older ones.

The middle-aged women we see before us are almost repulsive in their appearance. They have lost the upright carriage, the fulness

of figure, the good-natured expression of feature, and although many of them are known to me to be very kind and gentle, I am bound to admit they are unsightly objects. As we compare the young and the old, we notice also those who are in the various stages of transition, and we are astonished to notice how quickly they pass from youth to age. Those who are between twelve and sixteen years old are good-looking, because they have reached the perfection of youth and have not begun to put on the repulsive features of age. You will be surprised when I tell you that these good-looking girls of sixteen will probably in five or six years have their features contracted and wrinkled, the lithe form will be lost, and in some respects *they will look old women*. The Alungu woman of twenty years looks nearer forty, so transient are the good looks of these African girls.

The dress of the Alungu girl can be quickly described. It is a strip of calico wrapped round her body, usually from the hips, but sometimes from the arm-pits, to the knees. The children are dressed with a piece of string.

The most noticeable feature of these Alungu girls on this Sunday morning is their hair. On Sundays and special occasions they take a great deal of trouble to adorn it in a great variety of ways. Their natural hair is always short; it never grows long as does the hair of an English girl. It is a mass of short crisp curls, fitting round the head like a cap. When they first heard that all white ladies had hair that could hang down their back they suggested that it was tied on, just as they themselves tie on their fancy head-dresses. Finally they went to a missionary's wife and asked if it was true that she had long hair that could hang down her back "like a buffalo's tail!"

From the various examples before us we see that though their *natural* hair is always short, they may lengthen it into string-like curls by means of a wig, or by fibre carefully plaited into it, and that

when they make these fantastic strings, they usually attach different coloured beads to the end of each plait. Some leave their hair its natural length, but work a number of beads into it to make ridges or other fancy designs. Some cut it into patterns like a garden bed. Some shave the greater part of the hair off, and cultivate patches only,



ALUNGU STYLES OF DRESSING THE HAIR.

a tuft on the top, crescent-shaped pieces on the side, or zig-zag lines and crosses. Those who leave the hair in its natural state of frizziness have a very popular method of working fancy designs by means of colouring materials. If you look at the women before you, you will see that some have nearly all the colours of the rainbow on their heads. Before coming to the service those women have bestowed

infinite pains on the dyeing of their hair, for they are the fashionable ladies. The common idea is that those who daub on the most glaring and incongruous colours ought to be the most admired. To accomplish this the Alungu women go to a great deal of trouble to make dye. The red colouring is obtained from a tree called *nkula* (camwood). They bring in a piece of the wood and grind it to powder ;



A NATIVE EAR-RING.

then they mix the red dust with grease to work it into a ball, and leave it to dry, after which it is ready for use. The yellow dye they obtain from the leaves of a tree called *nsuli*. Blue dye is obtained from a fruit. They have other colours obtained from different sources, but it is unnecessary to name them all ; the yellow and red are the most fashionable colours.

These colours are most commonly used for the hair, but many of the women also paint their faces and their bodies on Sundays and other

special occasions with yellow, red and white. Those who are so fashionable as to have the head decorated will not neglect their body. They will come to service with their skin all wet with oil, and shining like patent leather. They think they are very finely dressed when they have a super-abundance of castor oil or rancid grease all over their body. The odour pervading the chapel when several

hundreds of fashionable ladies are assembled together is better imagined than described.

From what we already know of these Alungu girls and women, we shall not be surprised to see that they love ornaments of every kind, and that pain and personal inconvenience are not regarded when decorations are being considered. Here is a girl who has been very attentive during the service. She is the wife of a good Christian boy. She is the proud possessor of a pair of native earrings. You perceive that the earrings are not hanging to the ear, but are wooden discs inserted *in a slit* in the ear. She has had to wait some months before she could wear such large pieces. When the puncture was first made in the lobe of the ear, a straw was inserted; that was changed for a reed; the reed gave place to a thin piece of stick, and that was increased in size from time to time, so stretching and enlarging the slit in the lobe of the ear until you see she now wears a round piece of wood three inches in diameter.

Amongst the women of the congregation you will notice bracelets of ivory, brass, copper and iron; necklets of the hair of animals; and on the ankles of some of the women so many copper rings that they seem unable to move.

Bead ornaments are in great evidence. The colour in highest favour is white, which shows off very strikingly on their black skin. Next comes blue, and far in the rear red has a place. Red used to be the favourite colour, but fashions change with the Alungu, as with more civilized peoples, and so red beads, being out of fashion, almost go begging.

Some of the girls have fancy beadwork bands across their foreheads, as if to hold back the hair; others have bead-work girdles. In nearly all these cases the beads are arranged with remarkably good taste, and the blending of the colours is also well done. Nearly

every woman and girl is wearing a lot of beads, simply threaded on strings, round her neck. This is a convenient form of decoration, as strings of beads are currency, and can be transformed into other goods as occasion may demand. A few of the women have very nicely carved and inlaid wood and ivory combs in their hair. A few have their teeth filed to sharp points; some of the older women have the two front teeth knocked out for *decorative purposes*. But these and other little peculiarities are not general, but the fancy of individuals.

You must not suppose that all Alungu women would stand the close examination to which we have submitted our congregation. Far from it. These women at the service are our friends. In a limited sense they are adherents of Christian teaching. If we went amongst the raw natives in some of the outlying districts, we should find the women and girls so timid and nervous at our approach that they would hide in their houses and in the bush. It would not be until we had persuaded some of the boldest of the children and the men to come forward and make friends with us that the women would dare to come near to listen to our words. Even then a careless action might alarm them, and cause them to rush away in terror.

Amongst our congregation we see that we have a large proportion of mothers, for a number of the women have their little ones securely fastened upon their backs. These Alungu parents are very proud of their children, and within a day or two of the birth of the babe, the mother will carry it to the house of the missionary to show it to him, and to tell him that the babe is to be considered his child. This is a polite expression on the part of the mothers, who thereby treat the missionary as they would have to treat a chief in a native village. The children are carried about on their mothers' backs in a kind of basket, made of the skin of a sheep, goat, or small antelope. The animal's skin is tied at the lower edge round the mother's body; it is

then brought up over the child, and by means of two strings is secured across the mother's shoulders. The hairy side of the skin is inside, in order to be soft to the infant, The little babe is usually astride the mother's back, and if it cries she soothes it by a gentle beating motion with her elbows. When the infant grows a big child,



GIRL WITH EAR-RINGS AND BEAD ORNAMENTS.

the animal skin only reaches as far as its neck. Its little head is then exposed to the fierce rays of the sun, and as the mother sways her body at her work of pounding grain its head is jerked to and fro in a very violent manner.

When the mother is about to wash the baby, she throws back the animal skin, and lifts the child from her back all wet with perspira-

tion. She carries outside the house a gourd holding about a quart of water, and about half this water is poured over the reeking body of the infant. Whilst the water is running off the child on to the ground, the mother rubs the baby vigorously with her hand; this part of the programme is usually accompanied by a good cry. Another shower bath is administered with the remainder of the cold water. The mother then removes as much water from the baby's body as she can with her hands. She uses no towel, the sun being considered the proper means of drying the baby's skin. She uses no soap, as that is not considered necessary to cleanliness; and no toilet powder, for rancid oil rubbed on baby is the universal remedy for keeping the child's skin in proper condition.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the mortality amongst children is enormous. The weak ones are weeded out chiefly owing to lack of care. I think it highly probable that fully half the Alungu children die before they are twelve months old.

You might infer from this that the Alungu mother does not care much about her babe; but this would not be true. Respect for infant life is not great amongst the people generally. A deformed infant is strangled; a child cutting an upper tooth before a lower one is drowned; but in every case the mother clings with all a mother's love to her little one. The Alungu mother is in fact *too* kind and *too* indulgent. You may often see a woman wearying herself by carrying a great child on her back that has been able to run for a year or two. The same indulgence she shows in the home, by allowing the children to do as they please.

On the birth of twins a very interesting custom is practised. Many of the Central African tribes regard twins as an ill omen, and so destroy one or both of the infants; but the Alungu are rather exceptional in that they regard the birth of twins as a great honour.

From the day of their birth, the parents' names are changed, the mother becomes known as "Nina Pundu," and the father as "Si-Pundu." A special ceremony is performed a few days after their birth. The two babies are placed in a shallow basket and are carried in front of a procession of women, to a place where two paths branch out. In the fork of the two paths a rude table is erected by the



AN INDULGENT MOTHER.

women, and the children in the basket are placed on it. A clapping of hands and a great dance round the table then follows, and the children are lifted out of the basket and taken back to the village with great ceremony. The table remains where it was erected, and the shallow basket is left on it to tell to all who pass by that in the neighbouring village twins have been born.

The native idea is very poetic in this particular custom. The

ceremony is held where two paths branch, because they see in this a fitting symbol of the two little lives that in the future may wander wider and wider apart, but have together branched off from the parent life at a common point.

As the baby grows it is carried less and less upon the back. The mother will put it on the ground outside the hut to roll about in the



A MOTHER WITH TWINS.

sun whilst she attends to her domestic duties. When she goes a distance from the hut she usually leaves the baby in the care of an older baby. The little one will now make efforts to move about to follow its companion. You would be amused to witness the action of Alungu children at this stage. They never creep on their hands and knees as do English children. Their mode of locomotion is by

use of *both hands and both feet*, like a monkey running on all fours. Of course, a baby at the first attempts cannot keep safely on all fours in the way described, so babies begin by using both hands and one foot, and keep one knee on the ground in case of a fall. This, however, is only a transition stage to the "all fours" method.

Alungu mothers have some habits in common with the mothers of enlightened lands. Among them is the practice of giving a little pocket-money to the children. In Central Africa, where money does not exist, and where everything is obtained by barter, you may wonder how pocket-money can be given. Beads are too valuable, except for occasional presents; and calico, brass and other trade goods are even more expensive. One mother in my village used to give her little daughter a small basket of native flour, whenever a caravan or company of strangers were resting in the village. The child sold the flour for an ankle ring or for five or six beads, and in this way accumulated a little hoard of native ornaments. Another mother used to give her little girl an egg, whenever the fowls laid more than a certain number in a day. This egg the little girl brought to my house for sale, and although five beads was the value of an egg, she always received six for her egg, until I found her mother was trading upon my generosity by sending her to sell eggs that were not her own! Yet another mother gave her little girl a small corner of the garden, and the sweet potatoes and ground nuts grown on that plot were sold by the little girl for beads, pieces of print, or other things prized by her.

We have seen the various stages of an Alungu girl's existence from infancy until she is a fine good-looking maiden with rounded figure and upright carriage, dressed on Sundays and special occasions in a two-yard piece of calico, and a plentiful supply of oil and red ochre. By this time she has become the wife of one of the young

men of the village or neighbourhood, and we want to know what is her position as a married woman.

Amongst the Alungu the married woman's condition is not so degraded as the lot of many Central African women; but they are not respected and honoured as they ought to be. At the time of their marriage their work is defined, and there is a division, though it is scarcely a fair division, of labour between the men and women. With regard to their hut, the husband must keep the roof in repair and replace any unstable supports; the wife must do the mudding and colouring. In the garden, the husband must do the clearing and turn the soil, and the wife must put in the seed, do the weeding and other similar duties. In other things also the work of the wife is clearly defined, so that she is not altogether the slave and drudge of her husband.

I am sorry to tell you there is not much real affection between husband and wife; the tie is often of the loosest, and marriages are easily severed. It is not at all unusual to find a greater affection existing between two women, or two men, than between the sexes.

How then does the home hold together? The father loves his little ones, and so does the mother; therefore though they may not be deeply attached to each other, their love is centred in the same objects, and so the children become the family tie.

It is only fair to state that there are sometimes marriages where real affection exists. Dr. Livingstone noted this, for he wrote, "A newly married couple stood in the village, where we stopped to inquire the way, with arms around each other very lovingly" (Livingstone's *Last Journals*, p. 38).

At Kawimbe a Mambwe couple, not yet Christians, live on very affectionate terms, but they are known in the village as an exceptional couple.

Perhaps the social customs of polygamy and the purchase of wives tend to keep African women in an inferior position, but these two customs are strongly upheld by the women. An Alungu woman told me she did not want her husband to have only one wife. She said she wanted other wives to share in the household work of fetching water, preparing and cooking food, and also in the garden work. She further said that if he had but one wife the people would think him a poor man, and that would reflect upon her as his wife.

With regard to the purchase of wives, the African women uphold the practice, though the men would willingly let it cease, since it would be to their advantage.

A party of Kambole women once asked me the question, "How many yards of calico did you pay for your wife?" I had to explain to them our custom of courtship and marriage, and they were greatly astonished at the generosity of English ladies *giving* their hand in marriage. Said they, "We would not demean ourselves by giving ourselves to our husbands; if they would not pay the barter goods we would not become their wives." The more sheep, goats, or yards of calico paid for a woman the prouder she is.

Is anything being done for these women and girls of the Alungu nation? Yes; the wives of the missionaries realize the importance of influencing the women, for we know it will make a great difference to the progress of the work if these girls and women are helping instead of hindering our efforts.

As girls we want them to be brighter and happier, and the only way to bring this about is to teach them the Gospel. With this object the girls are gathered into the school every morning and are instructed for about two hours in various subjects, prominent amongst these being the reading of portions of Scripture.

Some of the missionary ladies are training these girls in domestic

work, for our Mission boys and teachers want domesticated wives. The girls trained in the missionary's house are taught habits of thoughtfulness instead of carelessness, economy instead of waste, cleanliness instead of filth and untidiness. We believe a native teacher's wife should be a pattern in all things, in the home as well as in the Church, for by that means we shall best reach the outside women and girls. In the past, some of our Christian boys took heathen wives, because we had no Christian girls in the community, and several of the teachers have suffered a great deal in consequence. Things are changing to-day; as an example, one of the girls, named Martha, trained in the Mission Home, has married a teacher named Kipapa, and is a real helper to him. She can teach a class, keep the home bright and tidy, do laundry work and needlework, and set an example to the women living around.

The missionary ladies also seek to win the mothers to Christ. We know that as the mothers train the children, so the children will most likely continue to be; so by seeking to win the mothers we are influencing future generations.

At our Niamkolo Station a particularly good work has been done in every department amongst the women and girls. They are trained in the ordinary school subjects, in laundry work and in needlework, and the results are visible in very considerable progress in the social and domestic life of the people.

CHAPTER XII

THE YOUNG MEN AND BOYS OF DARK
AFRICA

"They shall all know Me, from the least unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord."—JER. xxxi. 34.

"All that see them shall acknowledge them that they are the seed which the Lord hath blessed."—ISA. lxi. 9.

"Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams."—ACTS ii. 17.

CHAPTER XII

THE YOUNG MEN AND BOYS OF DARK AFRICA

“**S**TAND out of the way ! You are as thick-headed as a nigger !” This was said by an English boy in my hearing quite recently. But as a matter of fact, our black boys in Central Africa are far from being thick-headed. In some things they are as smart as you English boys ; and if in others they are not, it is because they have not had your opportunities.

I was highly amused, and not a little astonished, to find amongst my Alungu scholars a funny saying that put me in mind of my own early days. We were knocking down an old building that had become dangerous. We had pushed down the side walls by means of long poles, but an end wall would not fall. It had a long pole passing down the centre, and protruding above it. I thought if we had a rope fixed there our work would soon be done. So I said to a boy, named Waitunga, who was standing near me, “Go to your friend Kifumu and tell him to climb up that wall and tie a rope to the centre pole, so that we can pull the wall down.”

Waitunga went to Kifumu and ordered him to do the work, but omitted to say that I had sent the message. Kifumu, thinking Waitunga was making sport of him, turned in order to face him, and pulling down the lower lid of his left eye, said in a questioning voice, “*Tatane nenga ? Are you alone my father ?*” which means, when accompanied by the action described, “Do you see any green in my eye ?”

Some of the boys are exceedingly quick to notice any point on which they may puzzle their companions. One boy named Kesia took up my words against me rather smartly on one occasion. I had been preaching in the Kambole chapel upon the subject of thankfulness to God, and I had laid emphasis on the fact that God is the Author of all good. In the course of my remarks I said, "Everything I possess is a gift from God." The next day I said to Kesia, "Work for me, and I will give you some cloth." He agreed to do so, but said he thought the white man "very artful." I asked him why he thought so, and using my words of the former day against me, he said, "Because God gives to the white man all that he possesses, and then the white man brings those things to Africa, and *makes the black man work for them!*"

The Alungu boy, whilst like the white boy in many ways, is very different in others. When you signify your agreement to a thing, or answer in the affirmative by a motion of your head, *you nod it downwards*; the Alungu boy nods his head *upwards*. When you beckon a companion to come near, you do it by the use of your fingers pointing *upwards*; the Alungu boy beckons with his fingers turned *downwards*. When in the playground you are told some news that gives you a great surprise or feeling of horror, you express your astonishment by a deep *inspiration*; the Alungu boy opens his mouth wide, puts the palm of his right hand over his mouth so that his thumb is on the right cheek, and his fingers are on his left, and with a very deep *expiration* exclaims several times, "*Ah!*"

When talking to the boys about their relations, it is sometimes a difficult matter to understand what the exact relationship is. They will call their cousins their "brothers"; their friends are their "brothers"; and boys born in the same town, if living at a distance, will give themselves out as "brothers." There is no idea in their

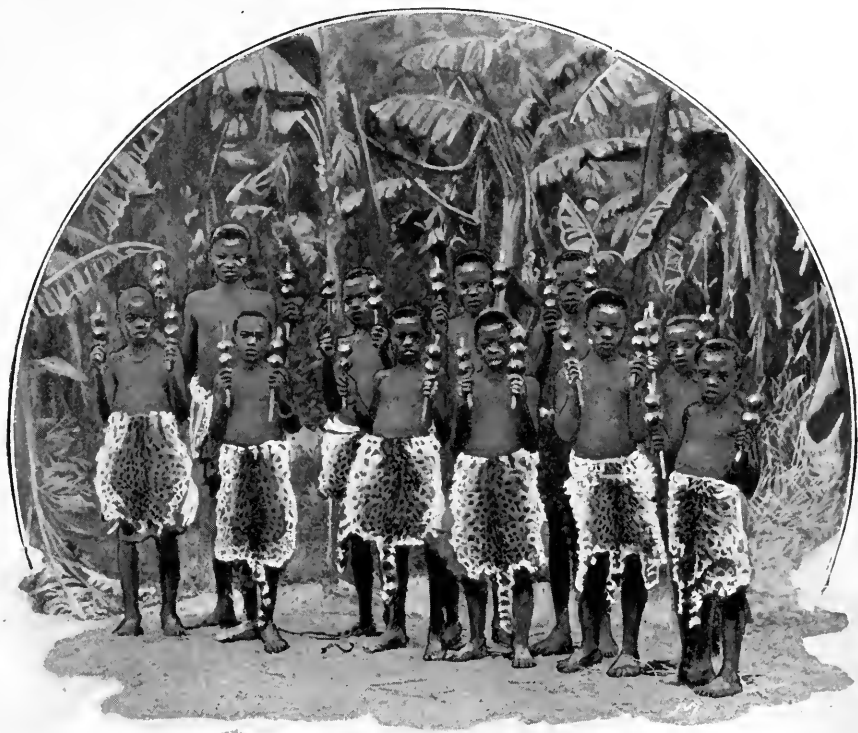
minds of misleading by this mode of speech; it is simply the Alungu method. They fail to draw fine distinctions in relationship.

You will say, "But you can tell if they are of one family by their family name." No, you cannot, for the Alungu have no family name. The boys have a pet name, given them when they are children; but they frequently change it when they get to be eight or nine years old. They often change it again later in life, for if any special event happens to them, they have to take a new name to commemorate it.

You wonder what sort of events will lead to a new name. I will tell you several. Perhaps a little boy is born, and his name is to be "Kapula." Hitherto the father of the babe has been called "Mumbo"; but he now gives himself out, and is afterwards known as "Si-Kapula" ("the father of Kapula").

I knew a boy who distinguished himself by out-running his fellows; he had always been called "Ngolwe," but after that he was called "Porembe" ("an antelope"), because he was fleet of foot.

The boy may be working for a white man, and so he may hear an English word he thinks very fine, such as Tom or Bob; he will then give himself out as named "Tomó," or "Bobó." Or perhaps he may hear the missionary speak of a *box*, and he will decide to call himself "Boxosi." Or, again, he may be working for the missionary and be told to bring the *spade*; he likes the word, and calls himself "Spadi." In each case the word is as near as he can get to the original. The Alungu boy in a like manner changes the names of all white men. He is very quick to notice any little peculiarity, and will give a name accordingly. Friends of mine have been named "Katakó" ("the slender man"), "Balaza" ("the jumper"), "Sendalupapuló" ("the man who carries a book"), "Si-Kambola" ("the father of Kambola"—Kambola being the native name of an English baby), "Taleka" ("put the kettle on"—it being a frequent saying of the man in question),



A BOY'S RATTLE BAND.

"Kèpiri piri" ("pepper," the man being somewhat sharp-tempered).

Most of the amusements of the Alungu boys are imitations of the work of their parents. Children will march along in procession carrying something on their heads to represent a heavy load, and singing a caravan song. The boys will build model huts, lay out little gardens, make bows and arrows from twigs, construct small gametraps, and many other similar things.

They have, however, several real games, the most popular of which are "handball" and "spinning seeds."

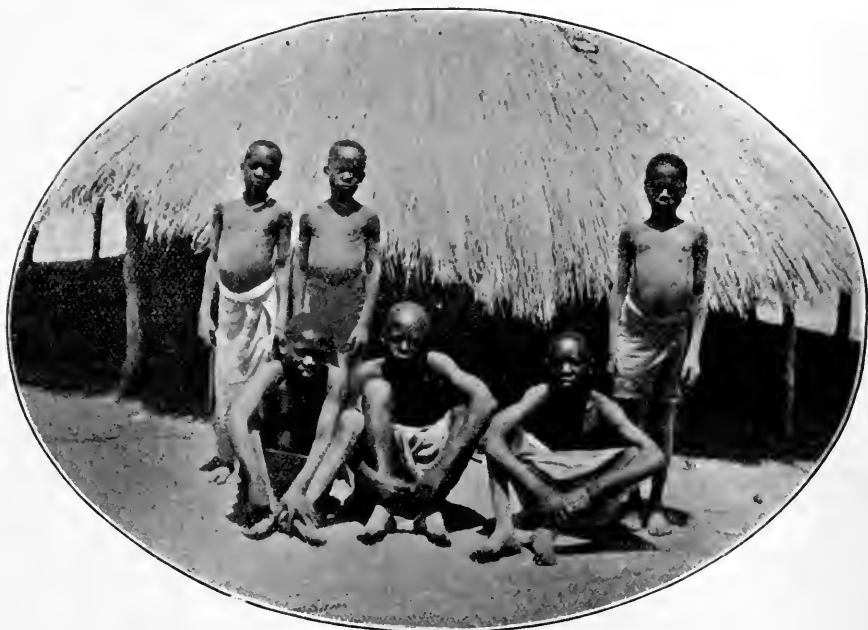
"Handball" is played with a piece of raw rubber. The game is regulated by rules something like football. There are two parties who form sides. The ball is set in motion and must be bounced on the ground between the party sending and the party receiving it. It is kept continually in motion, the fun being to pass it from friend to friend, and keep it out of the possession of the opposing side. The object of the opposing party is to capture the ball, and keep it amongst the members of their side. It is a very noisy game.

The game of "spinning seeds" is much quieter. When this game is played, you will see the dark eyes of the players shine with pleasure and interest. Each boy possesses a few particular seeds, the size of an acorn, that have a pointed end. In a very clever way a boy spins these on a slanting table made for the purpose. His friends spin theirs in turn whilst the first is in motion. The seeds, owing to the bowl-like character of the table, are bound to collide, and one is sure to knock the other down. The boy owning the victorious seed takes the defeated seeds as his property, just as an English boy would take his winnings at marbles. A fresh seed is then put in motion, and so the game proceeds for hours.

Many of the Alungu boys have a strange way of leaving the hut of their parents whilst they are mere children, and going to live in a hut with several boys about their own age. In these young "brotherhood houses" you might find from four to eight boys living together, their ages varying from seven to fourteen years. They feed themselves by various means; some food they obtain from their friends, some they steal, sometimes they cultivate a little piece of garden for themselves, and at times they seek employment and earn some beads or calico.

When a little boy wants to join one of these households, he asks permission from the ruling boy of the party, who is regarded as a

little chief. If there is room, he is told that he may join the brotherhood on condition that he sweeps the hut, brings in the firewood, and acts as servant to the bigger boys. I have noticed two things that have led to the formation of these boy families, and both causes lie in the parents' mismanagement. Sometimes, where there are several



A CENTRAL AFRICAN "BROTHERHOOD."

children, the parents complain that the hut is uncomfortably full, for since they have no separate rooms or partitions, overcrowding is very inconvenient. Thus the elder boy, though only eight or nine, may be told to find sleeping accommodation elsewhere. Another reason arises from the too great parental indulgence, so that when a boy thinks himself old enough to be independent, he breaks away from parental control.

It is no matter for surprise that those boys often become very troublesome and mischievous. At Kambole there was one company who acknowledged a boy named Sikangwa as their chief. Sikangwa and his party were constantly getting into trouble. On one occasion I had worked all my spare time for nearly a week rivetting together a number of pieces of hoop-iron, taken off my provision cases, to make a square firegrate for my house. This, when almost completed, was left for a few days in an open shed, and when required was not to be found. After a long search in all parts of the native village, the pieces of hoop-iron were found in Sikangwa's hut. He and his "family" had broken up the firegrate to make knives for themselves out of the hoop-irons with which it was constructed!

Sikangwa, as the leader of the household, had to work for me for three weeks as compensation. When the three weeks had expired, I suggested to him that he should remain in my employ to avoid

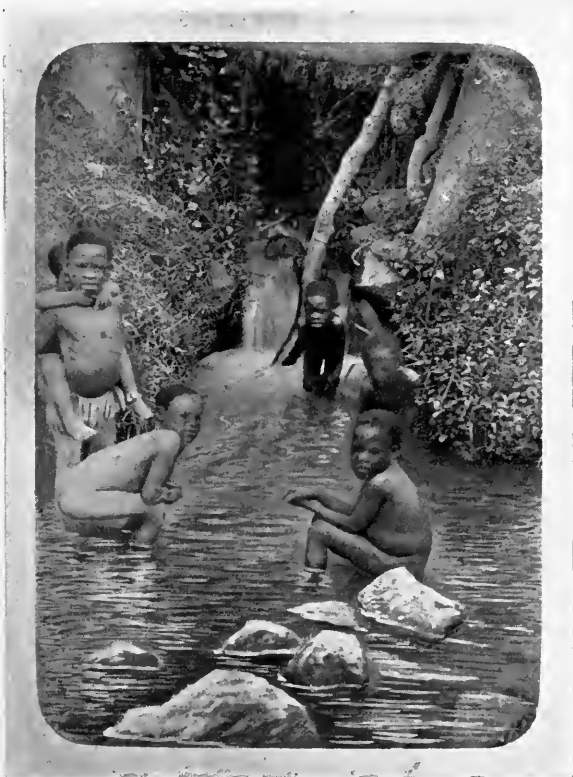


A DANDY IN BOOTS.

getting into further mischief. He said he would, but that he must have two weeks' rest after three weeks' work minding my goats. Before the two weeks had elapsed, however, Sikangwa was in further trouble. The head of the drum which was used to call the people to service had been broken, and I had instructed a native to mend it. To do this he required an ox-hide, so I gave out from my store the only one I possessed. The man took the hide to the stream and sunk it under the water by means of stones, intending to leave it there for several days to make it soft and pliable. When he went to take it from the water, it was gone, and by no searching could we find it. An inquiry was made in the village, which brought to light the fact that Sikangwa and his party were wearing strips of raw hide round their bodies. They were sent for, and confessed that they had appropriated the hide and cut it up into strips to make themselves belts! But a full account of the misdeeds of Sikangwa and his boys would fill a book.

The Alungu boy is one who will take a mean advantage of those who are more ignorant than himself; and many times I have been grieved by the conduct of some of my schoolboys in this respect. A youth, named Puta, who was one of my carpenters, and a member of my Scripture class, was caught in a very mean trick, though I suspect others had been guilty of the same thing without being discovered. In Central Africa, when a chief is sending a message to another chief, a letter is useless, because none of them can read. Each chief, therefore, has some well-known article, such as a spear, or an ornamental stick, to send with his message, as evidence that the messenger has been duly authorized by his master. Puta knew this custom and traded upon it in my name. He went to a neighbouring chief who was a friend of mine, and showing the chief a piece of slate pencil, he said, "Look, this is the white man's pencil; he has sent it

to you with the message that you are to give me four fowls." The chief looked at the pencil, saw it was a piece of the white man's property, and gave Puta four fowls. A few days later the chief



HAVING A GOOD TIME.

came to me for payment. When I expressed ignorance of the transaction, he produced the piece of slate pencil. Of course I was obliged to seek out the youth who had been guilty of this wrong and see that he was punished.

It is a sad feature of the native character that though they are desirous of doing right, evil is so present with them. They want to walk straight, but temptation presents itself and they are easily overcome. It may be temptation to gluttony, to untruthfulness, to dishonesty, or any other sin. He does not stop to consider what the consequences will be, but yields to his baser nature. Probably in a few hours he reflects upon what he has done, and is very sorry, but the sin often cannot be undone. It is a good point in his character, that, having admitted the wrong, he is also ready to admit the necessity and rightness of the punishment.

Putu did not give up coming to the Scripture class because he was punished. He knew he had done wrong, and that his misdeed could not be overlooked, for he (like most of the young people) has a true sense of justice.

It has been demonstrated in numbers of cases that the Alungu boy has great energy and surprising talents, which, with a little care and patience, can be considerably developed. Many of them have a great desire to learn, and it is no unusual thing to see our schoolboys sitting behind a house learning from their spelling-book or reading from a portion of Scripture. Several boys I know would willingly sit up all night and read, were it not that they lack candles and lamps, and that when reading by firelight sleep overcomes them.

To-day amongst the Alungu probably a thousand young people can read the Scriptures by spelling the long words, and several hundreds are able to read the Gospels of Mark and John in their own language very well indeed.

When speaking of the adults I said they were a cruel people. There is a great change in this particular amongst the young. They seem to be of a kindly disposition. An old native considers it a

manly thing to retaliate when an injury is received, and revenge becomes a virtue. In the eyes of the old people a youth is a weakling and a coward if he fails to carry out these ideas. But many of the young people have been so much influenced by Christian teaching that they will not carry out the old practices of revenge. This has greatly annoyed their elders, who now have an oft-repeated saying, "When a boy learns to read the white man's book (the Scriptures



BOYS IN CANOE ON LAKE TANGANYIKA.

he becomes a fool." How much we ought to rejoice that these young Alungu are willing to be counted "fools for Christ's sake!"

These Alungu boys are splendid raw material to work upon. They are very devoted to the white man, whom they regard as their superior in every way. They have seen him do things they have never seen before; he has abilities they do not possess; and he can impart knowledge to them, so that their powers are increased. Having this great respect for their white teacher, they are influenced by him, and if he has patience he will be able to mould them ultimately as he will. I am making this statement of those who come

under our influence at an early age, for it is beyond all dispute that the earlier they begin to exercise the mind, the greater are their powers. Sometimes big men express a wish to learn to read; they come to school and are placed in the lowest class. The little children in that class master their lessons and are moved to a higher class, but the *adult* scholar has to stay behind amongst the new comers, so dull is he. If he had started to learn when he was twelve or thirteen he would have found it hard, for his brain even then would have been sluggish; nevertheless he would have progressed slowly. If he had begun at the age of eight or nine, he would have acquired knowledge in a fairly satisfactory manner; but judging by experience, if he had started as a child five or six years old, he would have experienced few difficulties, and he would have gone steadily forward in all branches of his studies. If they begin when they are children, they are apt to learn, easily disciplined, and adaptable to new conditions.

As a consequence of this the present generation of children and youths, who are passing in large numbers through our schools, hold out to us the promise of great results in the future. The advantages of schooling have so quickened their intellect that most of them are bright and sharp, and some of them would compare favourably with numbers of English boys. The few books we have given them in their own language have created a desire for knowledge, so that many of them are anxious to learn and to push on with their lessons. By Christian teaching we have put before them a high and noble ideal, and the result is that amongst these young people great changes are taking place. As they grow to manhood we have every reason to believe that they will exert a strong influence towards the spread of the Gospel and the extension of Christ's kingdom amongst their less enlightened brethren.

CHAPTER XIII
MORNING IN DARK AFRICA

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. xxx. 5.

"I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh."—JOEL ii. 28.

"Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God."—Ps. lxxviii. 31.

"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."—JOHN iv. 35.

CHAPTER XIII

MORNING IN DARK AFRICA

THE sun is just appearing above the horizon, and dawn is giving place to the day. What a difference the sun makes to the appearance of the earth! It dispels the darkness; it dissipates the fogs and mists; it warms and gladdens all it shines upon. So is it with the Sun of Righteousness, when by the influences of the Gospel He shines upon a poor degraded people.

Along the southern shore of Lake Tanganyika "the darkness has turned to dawning," and at the present time the dawning is giving place to the light of morning. In response to the question, "*Watchman, what of the night?*" — we missionaries can reply, "The sky in the east is red, and the sun now appears above the horizon."

Let us look at the effects of this sunrise in dark Africa. We must not simply look at the tabulated conversions to see what God is doing. The Central African missionaries are spiritual agriculturists; we have to plough up the fallow ground, sow the seed, guard the growing blade, watch the ear develop and ripen; and not until the final stage can the corn be gathered and garnered.

Each of these stages of growth we experience in spiritual work. The corn when ripe and garnered may represent *the final results* of mission work in conversions; but the various stages of growth are just as truly tokens of God's blessing.

There are untabulated blessings arising directly from Christian

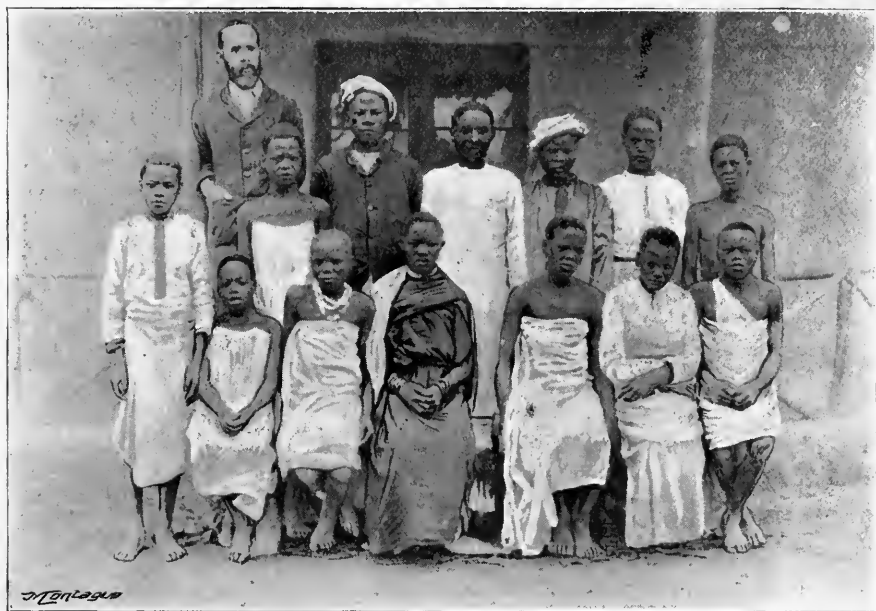
teaching and Christian laws, and the missionaries were the first to introduce these amongst the savage people of South Tanganyika. When the work was first started there, the Nyassa-Tanganyika plateau was a hot-bed of tribal wars, murder and slavery. Up to December of 1895 the slave-trading Arabs of North Nyassa and South Tanganyika were so powerful that "individuals amongst them could put five thousand guns in the field, and a combination of these men would have meant the extermination of the Europeans in those parts, and of the London Missionary Society's missionaries on Tanganyika." ¹

The Arabs referred to were Mlozi, Kopa Kopa and others, who had made raids on the Tanganyika plateau and threatened the Mission at Fwambo. What a change in a few years! To-day it is possible to travel from North Nyassa to Tanganyika and never meet an aggressive Arab, and it is equally easy to travel in any part of Mambwe and Ulungu without fear of assault from any native. One may travel in safety throughout the whole country bounded by the Stephenson Road on the north, right through the formerly dangerous Awemba country watered by the Chambezi River and extending to Bangweolo, to Kazembe and to Lake Mweru. The country is now perfectly quiet, and a man needs no other protection than a civil tongue, and fair dealing with the natives.

The influences of Christian teaching and administration have lifted up whole tribes to a higher social life, and overturned their evil customs. When in 1896 the big chief Kitimkoro died, as I have stated on a former page, a great massacre took place and probably a hundred victims were killed at his grave. When his successor "Mwamba" was buried three years later—instead of cruel murders and bloodshed, white men were on the spot, and safety, security, and

¹ Lugard's *Rise of the East African Empire*, p. 27.

order prevailed. Tribal wars have now ceased, and the Amambwe and Alungu instead of going about in fear of the Awemba, now go on friendly visits to see relatives in the land of the very people who were, three years ago, a terror. Parents who mourned their children as though dead, because they had been carried away as prisoners



DR. MACKAY AND TEACHERS AT KAMBOLE.

of war by the ruling neighbouring tribe—now have their children restored to their side, and dwelling in their old homes. Cold-blooded murders that were common because of old blood-feuds have become rare. Mutilating amongst the Amambwe and Alungu has entirely ceased. Open slave-dealing and slave-caravans, in our districts, are things of the past. Instead of the gun, spear, or battle-axe being

resorted to in any tribal dispute, *arbitration* by the nearest white man is the recognized method. Infanticide and the poison-cup have become unpopular, and both these bad practices are dying a natural death. Men who formerly dare not accumulate goods—lest their prosperity should lay them open to an accusation of witchcraft, so that their goods might be seized—to-day feel so secure that they labour readily for self-improvement. In these things the pioneers are ploughing up the ground and preparing the soil to receive the seed that shall ultimately bear much fruit.

If we see the *dawning* light in the suppression of tribal wars, slavery, murder, infanticide, mutilations, poison-cup, and many other evils, we shall certainly see *the light grow stronger* as we look at the effects of the Gospel upon individual lives. Though they understand the truth very slowly, it is influencing them. Like the leaven in the parable of the Gospel of the Kingdom, the truth is working silently, almost invisibly, but none the less surely, and its effects are seen in the lives of the people. Instead of being quite ignorant of the character of God as in former times, they show they have grasped the great truth that God is good and loving, for to-day when a kind deed is done by one native to another, or by a white man to a native, the words of thanks and gratitude often are, "Tata Witu, Mwana Leza"—"Thank you, child of God"—thus showing they now believe God to be kind, and those who do kind and loving deeds to be His children. They have thus acquired a new conception of the fatherly nature and love of God. If it is remembered how vague was their thought of "Mulungu," the great Spirit (as shown in the chapter on religion), it will be perceived what a stride they have taken towards a right conception of His character.

Amongst the young people, the influence of the fetish religion is waning, the old superstitious beliefs are being seriously undermined,

and the light of the Gospel is diminishing the darkness, where it does not altogether dispel it. There are three chief props to the old religion—belief in the existence of local fiends, faith in the power of the witch-doctor, and confidence in the efficacy of fetishes or charms. The young people around our Mission centres are losing faith in each of these. When I was living at the Kawimbe Station with another



BRICK HOUSE BUILT BY REV. H. JOHNSON.

missionary, an event occurred which shows how these deep-rooted superstitions are being overturned in the minds of the rising generation. One evening a serious clamour was heard in the village, like the noise of quarrelling. The missionary in charge went off at once to ascertain the cause, and found a "free fight" proceeding, in which a large number of persons were taking part. With a little difficulty the combatants were separated, and as they were too excited to give

a clear account of the trouble that night, the matter was left over until the next morning.

The following day a special time was appointed to hear the causes of this quarrel, and the following facts came to light. The quarrel was between the old people and the young men of the village. Locusts had been very troublesome in the neighbourhood, so the old people had inquired from one of their witch-doctors the cause of this pest coming upon them. He had replied that "Katie," a local fiend, was angry with them. The old people, desiring to appease the wrath of "Katie" by sending a gift to the gloomy bush-country, where he was said to reside, had made a collection of beads, brass, pieces of calico, and sundry other things to send to him. The evening of the quarrel the goods were to be conveyed from the village; but at this point the young people stepped in the way, and said, "Why are you sending all that good stuff to the forest to rot?"

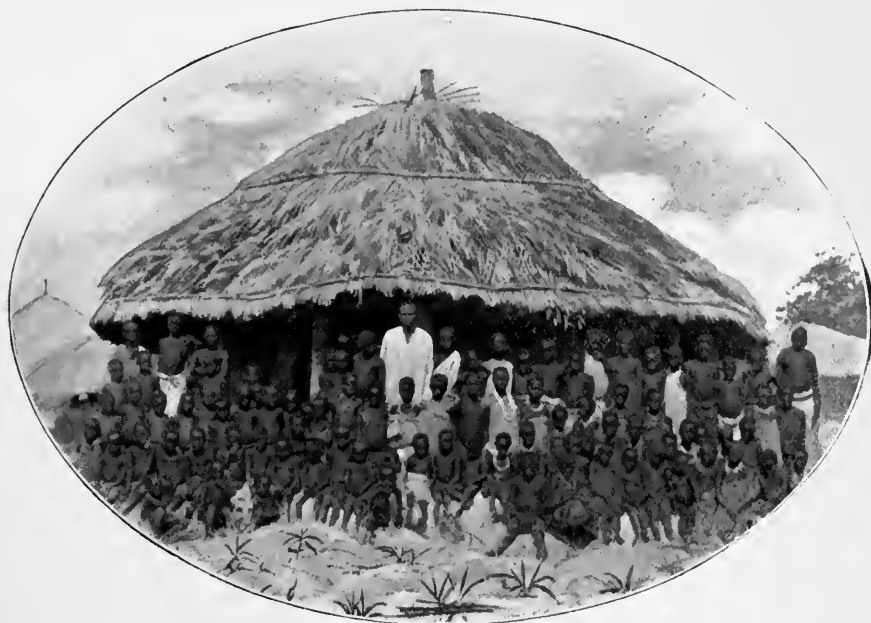
Their elders replied, "It is going to 'Katie.'"

But the young people declared that there was no such person as "Katie," and resisted the old folks' efforts to carry off the goods. The old men, angry at this interruption, began to use violence, and a fight was started which soon became a village quarrel.

Now this incident is full of significance. At the name of "Katie" the old people trembled; and so would the young people have done but for Christian influence. Instead of that, they questioned his existence, and refused to sanction propitiatory gifts being sent to him.

The old beliefs are dying to a greater extent than many of us realize. By this I do not mean that the young people have altogether given up the belief in ghosts, witchcraft, and other superstitions of their fathers (these superstitions lingered amongst ourselves for centuries), but I do say that these superstitions are now *bearing very*

little practical fruit. Around our Mission centres there are now very few spirit-huts in comparison to the number which would have existed years ago. The young people will laugh and make sport of the foolish gestures and mummeries of the native medicine-man, in whose presence their fathers trembled. The charms are very rarely seen upon the children who attend our schools; and when a charm is seen,



A VILLAGE MISSION SCHOOL.

if the boy is asked about its uses, confused and evidently ashamed, he will admit that he only puts on such things to please his elder friends.

To day children will march about our Mission villages at their play singing Christian hymns, whilst often at night-time, when the native is as a rule amusing himself by dancing, we can hear strains

of sacred song coming from the village. This music proceeds from a number of young men sitting round a fire in the open air, singing with great enthusiasm some of the hymns they have learned by heart in the school or the church.

When going round the neighbouring villages, in which we hold little services, we have been surprised at the numbers who were able to repeat with us the Lord's Prayer, and to assist in the singing of the hymns. Their desire for religion, as well as for secular knowledge, is manifested by the fact that *boys and girls will gladly work two weeks for a Gospel of St. Mark*, and a similar period for a Gospel of St. John.

These people, who twelve years ago had no written language, now have their language reduced to a written form.

A collection of Old Testament stories and the Gospels of St. Mark and St. John are already in circulation, and are widely read amongst them. The complete *New Testament* has recently been issued and will be in circulation by the time this book is in the reader's hands.

Nearly forty schools are established in their midst, with a daily attendance of over a thousand scholars, and with a staff of native teachers carrying on the work. These schools are a very fruitful field for evangelistic efforts, and spiritual results are beginning to manifest themselves. In our chapels also, on the Sundays, we have large congregations. In one building, Sunday by Sunday, there are from eight to nine hundred natives meeting regularly to listen to the preaching of the Gospel.

We have had to contend with darkness in many forms, and to attack the mass of heathenism by many methods; but the Gospel has again, as always, proved its divine fitness. Prejudice has been met and overcome by kindness to the helpless and oppressed. Indifference has been broken down by practical Christianity in the form of

medical attention to the physical sufferings and ills of the people. Ignorance has been met by literature and schools, and indolence and squalor by the establishment of an industrial department.

The people generally have been raised to a higher moral, intellectual, and social scale, and those who have apprehended the Truth have been led into a spiritual experience of which in former times they were absolutely ignorant.

To-day in our Central African Mission there are sixty baptized believers, forming three native churches. There are also quite as many probationers whom we have every reason to believe sincerely desirous of walking in the light of God, but who have been kept back for a season that they may receive more instruction, and rightly understand the step they are about to take. Beyond any doubt, the Sun of Righteousness has arisen in many hearts, with healing in His wings. The young Christians are in not a few cases bright, intelligent, and true-hearted. Of the sincerity of their profession of faith we have little doubt, for as we look upon the heathen around, wallowing in impurity and idolatry, and then note even our weakest convert, we see a wonderful difference. As the Chief Khama said of his people: "Men to-day see what they are, and are ready to find flaws in their character, but they don't know what they *were* before the change; the contrast is great."

Though we are convinced of the sincerity of our converts, we must admit that many of them have flaws in their character. There are the weak ones in our little Christian family whom we have to nurse as babes, and whose halting steps we have to guide. They strive to be Christ's disciples according to their light, but in some cases they have not a clear vision of the Truth. Then the difficulties they have to fight against are almost innumerable. They inherit all the evil habits and characteristic vices of their people, and so from

causes within themselves they encounter temptations and pitfalls of which English Christians know nothing. The whole surroundings are against these young Christians, for abominable sins, heathen practices, and allurements press upon them from every side. Yet in



NGULU, A CHRISTIAN TEACHER.

spite of these difficulties from within and without, their lives support their testimony that the Holy Ghost has illumined their minds and regenerated their natures.

It may be thought that this hopeful outlook is the view of a very optimistic missionary; so to prevent such an impression I will give

the opinions of other workers from letters received during the time I have been home on furlough.

Of the work at Kawimbe one of the missionaries recently wrote: "Since the beginning of the year we have baptized three men and received another into church fellowship. Besides these, five men and



IVORY CARRIERS.

three women have spoken to us of their desire to follow Christ. Two of these are middle-aged men; and of the women, two are the wives of church members. We have formed a Catechumens' Class for further instruction in Christian truth. The inquirer's class, also, is well attended by men and women."

Of Niamkolo, the late Mr. Mackendrick wrote immediately on his

arrival at the Mission Station : " The school is attended by about 120 children at present, and some of the work I have seen would be no disgrace to any of our English schools, up to the third or fourth standard. On my first Sunday, although the people were packed like herrings in a box inside the church, there were over two hundred left outside. The following Sunday it was just the same. In the afternoon I baptized four women, and there are others waiting for baptism."

From Kamböle I have recently had good news. Almost the last mail brought me a letter saying : " You will be pleased to hear that five more have applied for baptism, making nineteen for the year."

With such evidences of solid progress, we can no longer regard our work as being in the experimental stage. We see growth on all sides. The spiritual results of the work are now becoming more abundant than we could have anticipated several years ago. It was stated in the annual report for 1901, "*never in the previous history of the Central African Mission was the light so clear, and the prospects of the day so bright, as at present.*"

The day has dawned, for there are many in Central Africa who, a few years ago, were savages, whose faces now shine with the brightness of faith, of love, and of Christian enthusiasm. This work is not of mushroom growth ; it has not been a sudden revolution, bringing with it the probability of a serious reaction ; it has been a gradual change and progress from darkness to dawn, and it is passing now from the dawning to the noonday light.

I have told you that some of the converts are but babes in Christ and require constant help and sympathy. It is only fair that I should tell you that in some cases the sturdy character of the Christian life is quite surprising. Some of the young Christians seem to be helped and taught of God in quite a remarkable manner.

Of this fact let the following instance speak. At the Kambole Station a Christian man named Ngulu came to the missionary in charge and complained that he had suffered a grievous wrong at the hand of another native. The charge he brought against the other man was of such a character that, according to native ideas and law, Ngulu would be justified in taking the life of his injurer. Being a Christian, Ngulu could not conform to native ways and carry out any deed of vengeance, so he came to the missionary to lay the case before him. The missionary went fully into the case, and the accused man acknowledged his guilt. To settle the trouble he was instructed to pay over to Ngulu, as compensation, a number of goats, and in this way the lawsuit was brought to an end.

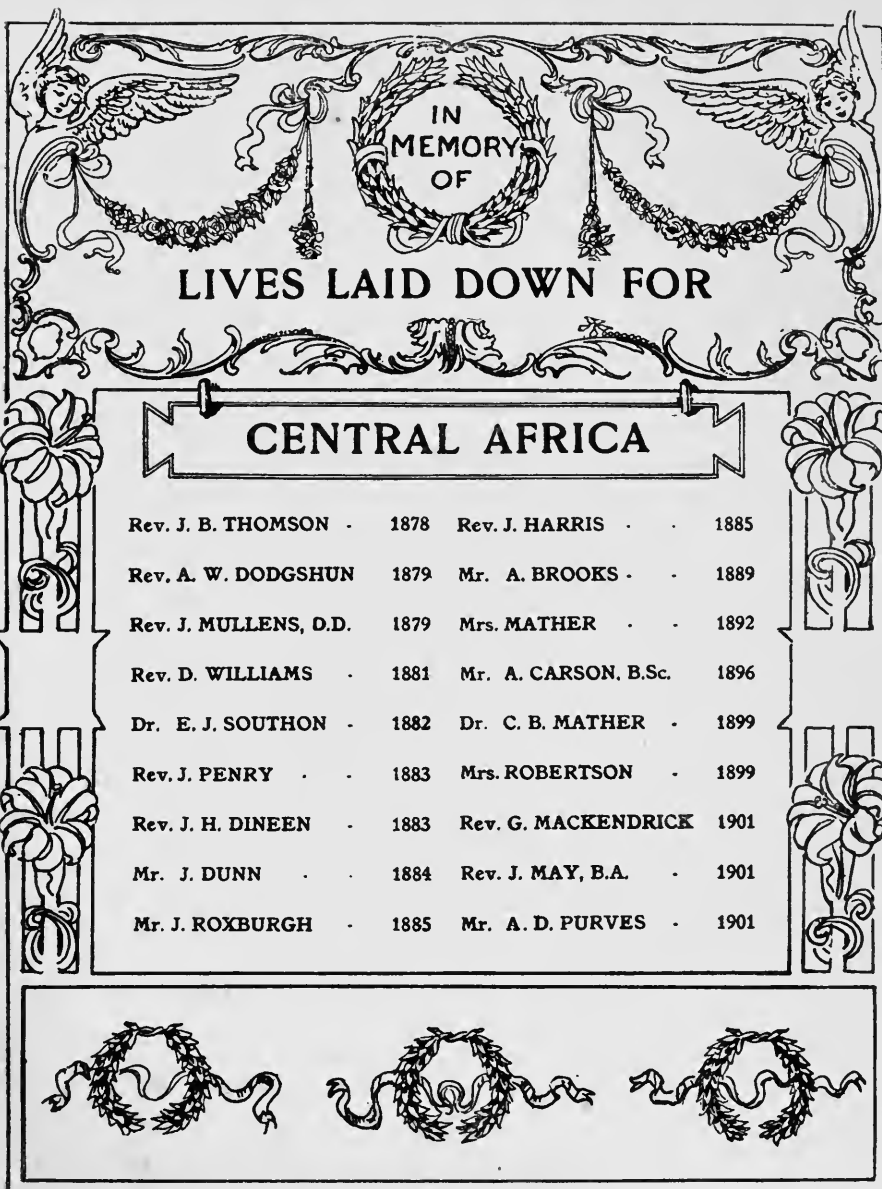
Some time later the missionary preached a sermon in the Kambole chapel on forgiveness of injuries, from the words: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." The fact of God's forgiveness being full and free was made very clear. Ngulu, the native Christian who had been wronged and had received compensation, listened to the address, and after the service, without any suggestion on the part of the missionary, he restored to their former owner the goats received as compensation.

This fact did not come to the missionary's knowledge until some time later, and when Ngulu was asked why he had acted thus, he said it was because *he desired FULLY and FREELY to forgive his injurer—even as he himself desired to be forgiven by God.*

Whilst this case of Ngulu may be exceptional, there is a good proof of the sincerity of most of our converts in their earnestness to lead others to a knowledge of the truth. Our little churches in Central Africa are decidedly *missionary* Churches, for the young converts manifest great zeal in Christian service. Without offer of reward, and in many cases without being asked, they will travel

round a wide district on the Sunday, preaching and teaching in all the villages, seeking to carry light to those still in darkness.

The day has dawned in many parts of dark Africa. The midnight darkness that hung over the land along the south shore of Tanganyika has been dispelled. As yet, however, it is only *dawn*, not *daylight*. There is still much work to be done before even this part of Africa is brought under the sway of Christ. And in the country round about, especially in the great Awemba country, to which our Society has now sent a small band of missionaries, it is still dark night, with only a tiny star shining here and there. Let us pray that all these lands, for whose sake so many noble lives have been laid down, may in a few years be rejoicing in the glorious light of the knowledge of the love of God.



IN
MEMORY
OF

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